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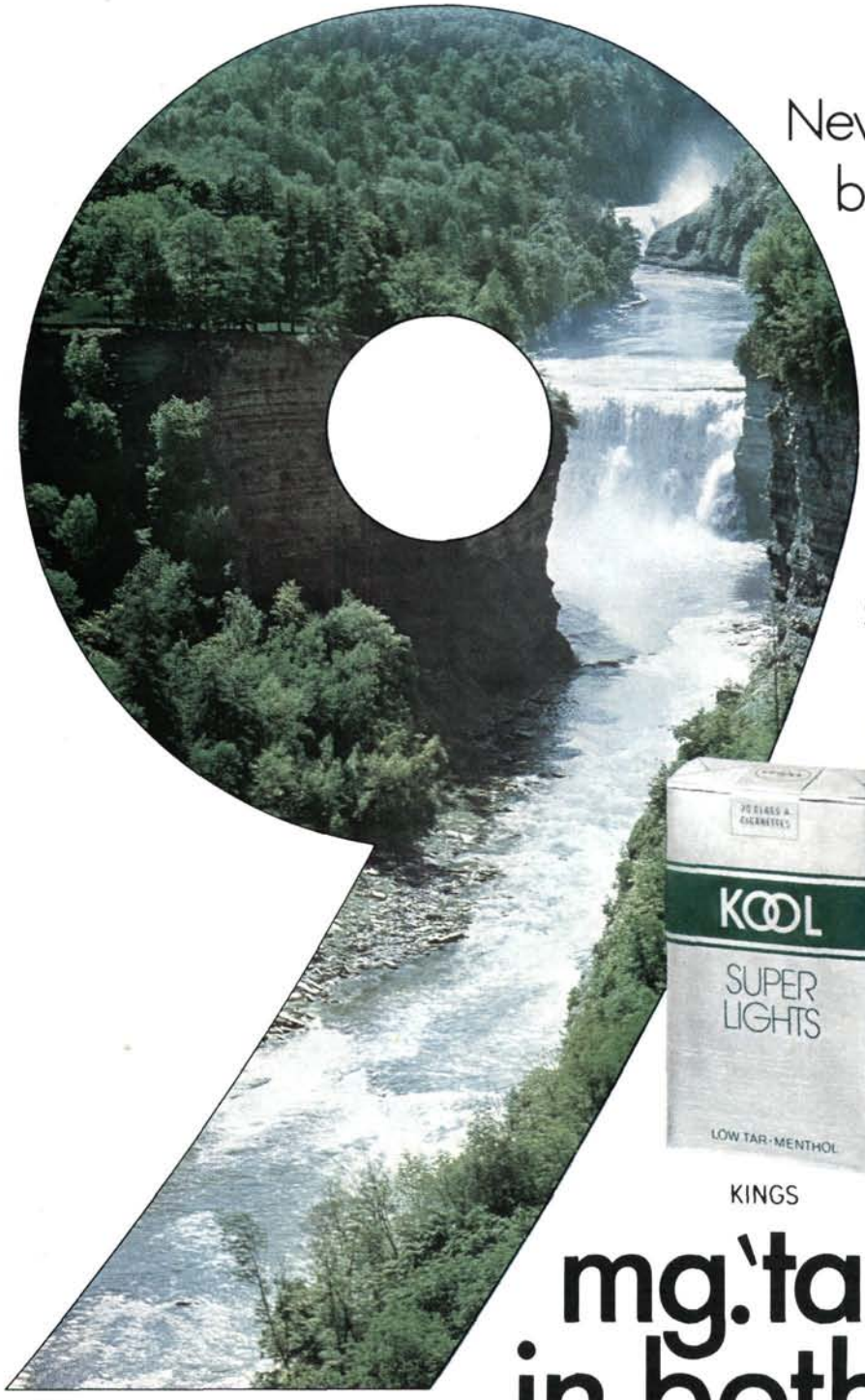

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Saturday Review September 3, 1977

4 **Front Runners**

6 **Editor's Page** by N.C.

8 **Letters from Readers**

Articles

10 **Why Children Should Draw: The Surprising Link Between Art and Learning** by Roger M. Williams *Enhancing the capacity of the brain*

18 **The Great Southwest Water War** by John Neary *A case of regional suicide*

Books

24 **Sicilian Carousel** by Lawrence Durrell Reviewed by Paul Fussell

25 **Philosopher at Large: An Intellectual Autobiography** by Mortimer J. Adler Reviewed by Norman Cousins

26 **At Random: The Reminiscences of Bennett Cerf** Edited by Phyllis Cerf Wagner and Albert Erskine Reviewed by George Stevens

30 **The Consul's File** by Paul Theroux Reviewed by Jonathan Yardley

32 **Books in Brief**

33 **Trade Winds** by William Cole

34 **"The Names of the Lost"** by Philip Levine *1976 winner of the Lenore Marshall Poetry Prize*

The Arts

38 **Ehrlichman's Novel Comes to TV** by Karl E. Meyer *A week of political hardball*

40 **Making It to Ballet's "Big Time"** by Walter Terry *Peter Schaufuss, superstar*

42 **Recorded Oddities, Novelties, and Rarities** by Irving Kolodin

44 **Artsletter** by Roland Gelatt *Japanese and American firms poised for battle*

Travel

46 **Bermuda in the Pink** by Horace Sutton *The tight little isle is surviving the age of the moped*

Features

36 **Scienceletter** by Albert Rosenfeld *"Learning" to give up*

48 **Manner of Speaking** by John Ciardi

49 **Light Refractions** by Thomas H. Middleton

56 **The Back Door** by Carll Tucker

54 **Double-Crostic No. 129**

45 **Wit Twister No. 101**

48 **Literary Crypt No. 90**

55 **Double-Crostic No. 130**

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Front Runners

The Blue-Box Scam

The illegal phone-dialing devices called "blue boxes" are about to be put out of business. Soon the country's major phone exchanges will have computer-aided detecting equipment that can spot and scotch the "freebie" blue-box calls that have been costing phone companies up to $20 million yearly.

The typical blue box is a pocket calculator whose innards have been ingeniously rewired. By holding such a box up to a phone and pressing its rewired dial-tone buttons, a scofflaw could bypass phone company billing systems and dial long-distance and overseas calls free. The black-market cost of those battery-operated devices ranged from $500 to $2,500.

The boxes have been used mainly by jet-set types and by U.S. ethnic minorities who make overseas calls to relatives. Even with the imperfect monitoring techniques in use till recently, phone companies have caught hundreds of blue-box cheats. Last year, financier Bernard Cornfeld was hit with a three-month jail sentence and a $3,000 fine for using two boxes to defraud the phone company of $7,000 in overseas toll charges.

New York City's Hispanic population has long been preyed on by con men offering to put through "cut-rate" calls to Latin America. Unfortunately, the "hot" call usually costs the victim much more than a normal call.

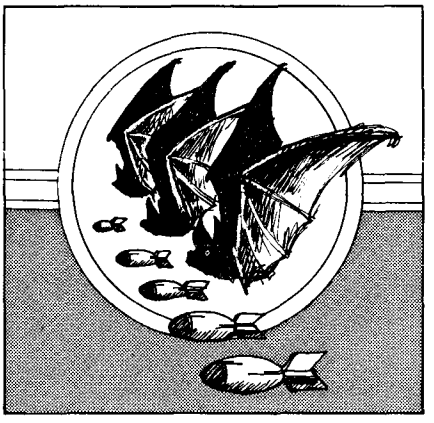
Front Runners Submissions

SR will pay readers $25 for any clipping or item accepted for use in "Front Runners." Sorry—no acknowledgment of receipt, no by-lines, and no return of unused submissions. Please send items to: Front Runners, Saturday Review, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019.

Thunder Out of India

Not everyone, it seems, was charmed and edified by Sir Kenneth Clark's TV series *Civilisation*. As the episodes were shown here several years ago, an Indian national named S. Krishnasawamy sat watching them with a beady eye. What put him off, he says, was Sir Kenneth's implication that the Mediterranean basin area has been the main cradle of human culture and progress.

The outcome of Mr. K.'s indignation is his four-hour, made-in-India film titled *From the Indus Valley to Indira Gandhi*. The movie is intended as "a corrective" to Sir Kenneth's alleged cultural myopia. Since high civilizations (for example, the Indus culture centering on Mohenjo-Daro) did indeed flourish in India upwards of 5,000 years ago, the film may prove a corrective, or at least an addendum to the Clark series. *From the Indus Valley to Indira Gandhi* had a trial showing in May, in Washington, D.C., and may soon be run in American movie theaters or—like *Roots*—in "takes" on TV. The second half of the movie's title will, presumably, have been updated by then.



Laura Hart

Swarmy Army

Quick. Which animals can be used in warfare? Sure, dogs, dolphins, horses, mules, camels, and—back in Hannibal's day—elephants. But what about bees, bats, fish, monkeys, and mosquitoes? All these and more go marching to the fray in Robert Lubow's forthcoming *The War Animals*.

Most unlikely of the lot are the mosquitoes, which sniff out oncoming enemy forces in war exercises being held by the U.S. Army's Limited War Laboratory. Bats come in a close second: during World War II we seriously planned—though it never came off—to darken the skies over Japan with bats carrying incendiary devices.

How does the Army make use of all that other wildlife—the fish, monkeys, bees, and such? For $10 plus tax, you can now find out.

An Eccentric Despite Himself

Bluff, seventyish, and heir to a copper-mining fortune, British eccentric Edward James has for 30 years been constructing, at Xilitla, in the jungles of central Mexico, a plant-and-animal preserve studded with Graustarkian buildings of his own design. "[The buildings'] eventual purpose," Patrick Boyle reports in the London *Sunday Telegraph*, "is to house birds or animals or people . . . but their effectiveness is still untested because nothing is finished." James's edifice-complex activities cost him upwards of a thousand dollars a week.

During the Twenties and most of the Thirties, James lived the high life in London. But after his stormy marriage to dancer Tilly Losch ended in a scandalous divorce, he withdrew to the jungle, where he seems as happy as he ever was as a man-about-Mayfair.

In his talk with Patrick Boyle, James freely admitted that he is not your average Englishman: "I've never wanted to be an eccentric . . . but one is eccentric entirely against one's own will. It's just something that one is born with and there is nothing you can do about it." A movie about the jungle world of Edward James is due next year.

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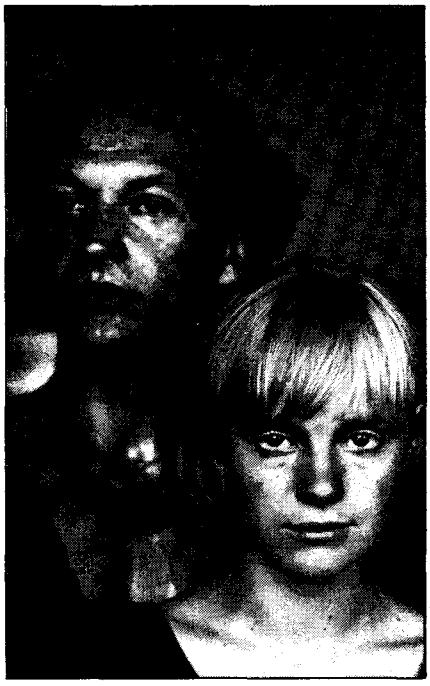

Randolph Swartz

The Strange Case of the Panovs

What's become of Valery and Galina Panov? In 1974, they were the most talked-about and photographed dancers in the entire world, for the hearts of the free world's people had gone out to them during their long fight to leave the Soviet Union and emigrate to Israel. Valery Panov's problem had been that he was a Jew, as well as a virtuoso character dancer with Leningrad's famed Kirov Ballet. His non-Jewish wife, Galina, was a minor member of the Kirov. When the couple applied for emigration papers, they were persecuted by the authorities and fired from the company. Valery was imprisoned briefly. The voices of the free world prevailed, however, and in 1974 they were permitted to leave the Soviet Union.

Then came new problems. Too many of the Panovs' free-world supporters had promoted them beyond their actual artistic status. Valery had been metamorphosed by some sympathetic dance writers from a hammy but effective demi-caractère dancer into a *premier danseur*, and Galina had been elevated from corps de ballet dancer, or perhaps minor soloist, to prima ballerina. They were neither.

When they got out of the U.S.S.R., the Panovs went after the big money. They did not join a dance company in search of artistic fulfillment, like their compatriots, the illustrious defectors Nureyev, Makarova, and Baryshnikov. Instead, they danced pas de deux and badly staged ballet excerpts in sports arenas, at galas sponsored by Jewish organizations. They were paid huge sums of money. Usually they traveled without a lighting man or someone who would see to their staging requirements. They needed to take daily ballet classes from competent teachers, as do all ballet artists throughout their careers. But they resented suggestions from such brilliant ballet mistresses as Anne Wooliams, then principal teacher of the Stuttgart Ballet.

At first there was talk of building around them a national ballet company for Israel. But three years have passed, and the company has not yet been started. Valery will be forty next year. There is not much time. Nureyev has become the biggest box-office draw of the day in the theater of dance. Houses are jammed for the hardworking, disciplined Baryshnikov. Makarova seeks out new roles, new challenges. But the Panovs? In 1974, a disillusioned American dance fan and onetime Panov promoter said of them, "If five years from now they have a job picking oranges in Israel, they'll be lucky."

Name of the Game

It took nothing less than the President's answer to the $100 billion question on the B-1 bomber to produce the information that there is, in this corporate cosmos, a man named Brian Hello. Mr. Hello made his momentous presence known in a TV reportage on the probable effect of the B-1 decision on the employees of Rockwell International, of which he is a prime personnel person.

This prompted a glance at the Manhattan telephone directory and the discovery that it contains not only a Hello but also a Goodby. What a pair of names for a firm of lawyers—especially if it were "Hello and Goodby, specialists in domestic difficulties and divorces."

Laura Hom

Let There Be Light

If you've been a slave to fashion, changing the tints of your eyeglasses to match the hues of your clothing, your chicness may be playing havoc with your health. According to pioneers in the new field of photobiology, one's mood, hormonal balance, and overall body chemistry can be affected by the quality and type of light received by the eye's retina. By donning sunglasses and blocking out valuable natural light, you can affect how much energy you have as well as how you feel.

Dr. John Ott, director of the Environmental Health and Light Research Institute in Florida, warns that two other lighting conditions in modern life could harm your health: environmental pollution, which is changing the intensity of light now reaching the earth; and the increasing use of artificial light, which does not offer the full spectrum of natural sunlight the body seems to need.

Though you may not be able to control the intensity of the light now reaching the earth, you can certainly leave the blinds open during the day instead of relying on artificial light and reserve your shaded specs for venturing out in the brilliant sun.

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Dartmouth at Jurmala

RECENTLY, in a small resort city on the Baltic Sea, private citizens from the Soviet Union and the United States tried to search together for an answer to what is literally the most important question in the world: how to keep the differences between their countries from becoming a fuse that could ignite the whole of civilization.

The meeting in Jurmala, Latvia, was the eleventh in a series of conferences that began at Dartmouth College in Hanover, N.H., in 1960. Like its predecessors, this conference was closely scrutinized by the two governments for possible approaches to their common problems. The 1977 session was all the more important because of new tensions that threaten to undo all the efforts of recent years to find a workable basis for mutual security.

By this time, the Dartmouth Conference series has become something of a tradition. The prime mover of the first meeting was President Dwight D. Eisenhower, who believed that direct contacts between citizens of the United States and the Soviet Union are an essential part of the effort to establish a new and less volatile relationship between the two countries. He felt that private citizens might be able to scout the ground for possible areas of agreement. In 1959, on behalf of the President, *SR*'s editor went to Moscow and invited the Presidium of the Soviet Peace Committee to send representatives to the United States to consider key problems in American-Soviet relations. The invitation was accepted.

The first Dartmouth Conference worked out so well that a return meeting was held in the Soviet Union the following year. Since that time the Dartmouth Conferences, which have alternated between the two countries, have been credited with having played a useful role in the limited test-ban treaty, in the broadening of cultural relations, in a fourfold increase of trade, and in an exchange of scientific information that has led to improved crop yields. In general, the aim has been to eliminate the kind of misinformation, misinterpretation, and miscalculation that can make for dangerous tensions.

For the past decade, the American sponsor of the Dartmouth Conferences has been the C. F. Kettering Foundation, of Dayton, Ohio, which has supplied administrative staff and done the preparatory work for the meetings. Sponsorship on the Soviet side has been divided between the Soviet Peace Committee and the U.S.S.R. Institute of U.S.A. and Canada Studies.

This year, the conferees met at Jurmala against the background of a downturn in the relations between the two countries. The inability to make progress at SALT; intensified measures against Soviet dissidents; accusations by each country that the other was stepping up its military programs; the confusion caused in the Soviet Union by President Carter's pronouncements on human rights—all these were factors in the strained relations. Indeed, indications that détente was in trouble were apparent in the United States as early as the 1976 presidential election campaign. Political experts advised the candidates that the public was becoming increasingly disillusioned with détente. It was said that most of the benefits were going to the Soviet Union. The latter argument was absurd. The main purpose of détente is to reduce the danger of nuclear war. If progress can be made in this direction, then everyone gains. To argue that one side is profiting more than the other is like two farmers arguing over which one is luckier for having been spared a tornado.

The opening session of the conference reflected this troubled atmosphere. There was frank talk during the early exchanges, some of it a little overheated perhaps; but by the end of the first day, the general tone and atmosphere reverted to the traditional Dartmouth style, and the conferees settled down to hard work. The group was divided into three separate task forces assigned to these challenges:

1. Finding a design for enduring peace in the Middle East and keeping Africa from becoming a crisis area. (Co-chairmen: Landrum Bolling, President of the Eli Lilly Endowment, Inc., and Evgeni Primakov, Deputy Director, Institute of World Economics and International Relations.)

2. Breaking out of the SALT deadlock, getting down to the essentials of cutbacks in the arms race, and agreeing on effective ways of halting the spread of nuclear weapons. (Co-chairmen: Paul Doty, Director, Programs for Science and International Affairs, Harvard University; and Vitali Zhurkin, Deputy Director, Institute of U.S.A. and Canada Studies.)

3. Creating the basis for enlarged economic cooperation and for restoring a fuller flow of trade between the two countries. (Co-chairmen: David Rockefeller, chairman of the Board of Directors, Chase Manhattan Bank; and Boris Borisov, chairman of the U.S.S.R. Chamber of Commerce.

Discussion around the task-force tables was spirited. In the meeting on the Middle East and Africa, for example, the matter of Cuban military forces in Angola touched off a sharp debate. Joseph Sisco, until recently U.S. Undersecretary of State, expressed the view that it would be extremely hazardous for the Soviet Union to minimize the dangers of ongoing Cuban intervention in Angola. He emphasized the even greater danger to American-Soviet relations of further Soviet-backed Cuban forays.

The Soviet delegates felt that the United States has overestimated both the extent and the significance of Cuban involvement in Angola. The Americans came away with the impression, however, that the Soviet Union is not overly happy with the Angola affair.

With respect to the Middle East, each side placed considerable emphasis on the need for the other side to exercise restraint and to bring maximum pressure to bear on the nations responsive to its influence. Eventually, the discussion produced agreement on the following principles for a durable peace:

1. Unequivocal recognition by the Arab nations of Israel as a sovereign state, with adequate assurance of secure boundaries.

2. Respect for the right of the Palestinian people to self-determination.

3. Withdrawal by Israel from occupied territories.

In the task force dealing with the arms race, each side leveled identical criticisms at the other. The Americans declared that the Soviet Union had shown little desire in recent months to make any progress in SALT. The Soviet

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delegates asserted that their country had made no fewer than 70 specific proposals for arms limitation and disarmament, to which they have had no response from the United States.

During the general discussion on arms, Paul Doty explained what was behind the American decision to go ahead with the cruise missile. Its development, he said, was linked to the recent hardening of Soviet air defenses. Helmut Sonnenfeldt, former counselor to the U.S. State Department, reviewed the history of arms-control negotiations in calling for an agreement that would be consistent with the mutual security requirements of both countries.

The Soviet delegates found it difficult to see how the cruise missile—a device that adjusts to the natural configuration of the landscape and flies low enough to avoid radar detection—could do anything but escalate the arms race and retard SALT. In the end, however, both sides readily agreed that their countries should make a fresh start on SALT II and get on with the essential business of disarmament, especially in the field of strategic weapons.

The task force on trade and economic cooperation agreed on the need to separate trade agreements from political considerations. The underlying problem here was symbolized by the Jackson-Vanik-Stevenson amendments, which tied enlarged trade between the United States and the Soviet Union to Jewish emigration visas. By way of background, it might be pointed out here that, during the three-year period before the J-V-S amendments were adopted, some 100,000 Jews had been cleared for resettlement in Israel. The moment the amendments passed, however, Jewish emigration was sharply reduced. The Soviet Union has insisted it would forgo increased trade rather than allow its internal policies to be directed by outside legislation. In the face of clear evidence that U.S. congressional legislation on the Jewish issue has had exactly the opposite effect from the one intended, the Americans at Jurmala called for nondiscriminatory trade policies by both countries. (Over the years, the American Dartmouth conferees have consistently argued for unlimited Jewish emigration from the Soviet Union. In fact, the Dartmouth intervention is believed to have played a part several years ago in the decision of the Soviet Union to rescind the departure tax on Jewish departees.)

At the completion of their separate meetings, the various task forces reported their recommendations to the full conference. The absence of serious disagreement in the discussion of these reports was at variance with the impression given by some news accounts in the United States. Those accounts spoke of a "cold war" atmosphere at the Jurmala conference. True, the fact of severe new difficulties in the relationship between the two countries was fully recognized at Jurmala and served as the basis for a lively exchange. But the dominant tone reflected the desire of both groups to help chart a sensible course for their countries—a course that would keep them from racing toward the brink.

Away from the conference table, important side discussions took place. For example, Rita Hauser and Vernon Jordan were able to augment their formal statements about the depth of American feeling on the human-rights question. Miss Hauser was especially diligent in calling attention to concern in the United States over the Shcharansky case. In view of the fact that there has not been a treason trial in the Soviet Union since the Stalin period, and in view of President Carter's unqualified denial that Shcharansky was involved in U.S. espionage activities, Miss Hauser tried to impress on the Soviet delegates the powerfully negative effect such a trial would have on Soviet-American relations. The Soviet representatives listened very respectfully but pointed out that the case was in the hands of the judiciary.

The conversations in Jurmala also impressed on the Americans the full extent of Soviet misunderstanding of President Carter's position on human rights and détente in general.

There was a disposition in some Soviet quarters to doubt the President's sincerity in wanting to help the dissidents. In previous administrations, effective intervention in the area of human rights has been undertaken, without publicity, in direct exchanges between the heads of the governments. It was asked why Jimmy Carter should have gone public with a statement that would have the effect of disadvantaging the dissidents, since Leonid Brezhnev would be unlikely to do anything for which Jimmy Carter would get credit.

In general, we attempted to counter Soviet doubts about President Carter's sincerity in raising the human-rights issue. We pointed out that it is entirely natural for the United States

Dartmouth XI

American Delegation. Co-chairmen: **Robert Chollar,** president, C. F. Kettering Foundation; and **Norman Cousins,** editor, *Saturday Review*. Participants: **Landrum Bolling,** president, Lilly Endowment, Inc.; **Robert Campbell,** professor of economics, Indiana University; **Paul M. Doty,** director, Programs for Science and International Affairs, Harvard University; **Leo Gruliow,** editor, *The Current Digest of the Soviet Press*; **Rita Hauser,** international lawyer, member, Brookings Commission Study Group on Middle East; **Vernon Jordan,** executive director, National Urban League; **Donald M. Kendall,** chairman, chief executive officer, Pepsico, Inc.; **David Rockefeller,** chairman, Chase Manhattan Bank; **Joseph Sisco,** president, American University, former U.S. Undersecretary of State; **Helmut Sonnenfeldt,** visiting scholar, Johns Hopkins University, former counselor, Department of State; **John Wilson,** senior vice-president, Chase Manhattan Bank; **Herbert York,** professor, University of California.

Soviet Delegation. Co-chairmen: **Georgi A. Arbatov,** director, Institute of U.S.A. and Canada Studies; **Georgi A. Zhukov,** deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. Participants: **Radomir Bogdanov,** deputy director, Institute of U.S.A. and Canada Studies; **Boris Borisov,** chairman, U.S.S.R. Chamber of Commerce; **Stanislav Borisov,** deputy minister, U.S.S.R. Ministry of Finance; **Oleg Bykov,** deputy director, Institute of World Economics and International Relations; **Vladimir I. Gantman,** Institute of World Economics and International Relations; **Mrs. Mirza Kartlin,** minister of education, Latvian SSR; **Oleg Kharkhardin,** vice-president, Soviet Peace Committee; **Yuri Kopelinsky,** deputy director, Market Research Institute of U.S.S.R. Ministry of Foreign Trade; **Mikhail Kotov,** executive secretary, Soviet Peace Committee; **Mrs. Zinaida Kruglova,** chairman, Union of Soviet Friendship Societies; **Voldemar Lein,** U.S.S.R. minister of Food Industry; **Mikhail Milstein,** Institute of U.S.A. and Canada Studies; **Nikolai V. Mostovets,** chief of U.S.A. section, CPSU Central Committee; **Vladimir Petrovsky,** professor of history, Institute of U.S.A. and Canada Studies; **Boris Polevoi,** writer, president, Soviet Peace Fund; **Evgeni M. Primakov,** deputy director, Institute of World Economics and International Relations; **Boris A. Rounov,** deputy minister, U.S.S.R. Ministry of Agriculture; **Natan Rybak,** writer; **Valentin Shteinberg,** director, Institute of History, Academy of Sciences of Latvian SSR; **Genrich Trophimenko,** Institute of U.S.A. and Canada Studies; **Vitali V. Zhurkin,** deputy director, Institute of U.S.A. and Canada Studies; **Yuri Ziemel,** director, Riga Electro-Machine Building Plant; **Samuil Zivs,** senior officer, Institute of State and Law, U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences.

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Letters from Readers

Women's Rights and Human Wrongs

As a longtime reader of *SR*, I felt shock and dismay when I saw the June 25 cover. To bill your ERA issue as "Women Against Women" is the old "saint or demon" attitude that denies women their humanity.

The lead article by Roger Williams ["The Clamor Over Equal Rights"] accurately points out the fears that women who oppose the ERA have about their security as housewives. What is not pointed out in this issue, or in any other mass media coverage that I've seen, is that it is not the feminist or the ERA that threatens the housewife. It is our patriarchal society that permits tremendous wrongs to be committed daily against women. When are we going to read articles on this factor?

Why are rape and wife battering such common crimes, and why do they go largely unreported? Why are women not found in the Senate, the Supreme Court, or most of the executive boardrooms of this nation? Why do families with women as the head of the household constitute such an overwhelming majority of the nation's poor? These questions are just a few encompassed by a problem that is not so much an issue of women's rights as it is of human rights.

Linda Myers
Redlands, Calif.

SR gave a very clear discussion of female opposition to the ERA. It will be interesting to note the attitudes of some of those women who stand against ERA when death, desertion, or illness requires them to assume the responsibilities of their households. About one out of every eight families in the United States is headed by a woman. Women can by no means depend upon child support payments or alimony. Speaking from experience, I am grateful for the enlightened attitudes that made it possible for me to equip myself to look after myself and my three children adequately.

Dr. Jane Silvius
Berkeley, Calif.

Rights Around the Rockies

Martin E. Marty ["Confusion Among the Faithful," June 25] states incorrectly that "Colorado vigorously opposed the ERA." On the contrary—voters have affirmed the ERA twice! In 1972 an overwhelming majority (70 percent) of the people of Colorado voted for a state equal rights amendment. In 1973 the legislature ratified the Equal Rights Amendment to the U.S. Constitution. In 1975, at the urging of the League of Housewives (anti-ERA), an interim legislative committee spent the entire summer listening to witnesses who were both for and against the state and federal amendments. The committee voted to endorse both amendments. In 1976 the League of Housewives and their offshoot, The Eagle Forum, circulated petitions statewide to place a constitutional amendment on the 1976 ballot to repeal the state's ERA. Again, a substantial majority voted to retain the amendment.

Eleanor Crow
Boulder, Colo.

Not from Old Nassau

I very much appreciated Jonathan Yardley's informative and interpretative article ["Harmony in Great Neck: The Friendship of Ring Lardner and F. Scott Fitzgerald," July 9]. However, I question one of his statements. Yardley writes, "Ring had far more acquaintance with the real world than this young man [Fitzgerald] of often astonishing naïveté, who still viewed his alma mater, Princeton, with the awe of the newly graduated." But when Fitzgerald left Princeton in October of 1917 in order to enter officers' training camp, he had not been graduated. Since he never returned as a student and never received a diploma as a member of his original class or of any subsequent class, is not Sheilah Graham correct in *The Real F. Scott Fitzgerald*? She writes, "While he has been regarded for several decades as one of Princeton's brightest alumni, he did not graduate from the university he loved. It would have pleased him to know that one of his grandsons was a student at Old Nassau."

Robert Whisler
Johnstown, Pa.

The Future Is Now

Albert Rosenfeld ["And Now, 'Interkingdom Fusion': The Marriage of Plant and Animal," July 9] writes, "It's diverting to imagine a creature whose cells might contain, in their cytoplasm, both chloroplasts *and* mitochondria." Rosenfeld need look no further than his garden. All green plants already fulfill his futuristic fantasies by switching "from oxidative processes to direct photosynthetic conversion of sunlight into energy." In fact, plants do him one better: they accomplish both tasks at the same time.

Robert Goodman
Urbana, Ill.

Albert Rosenfeld replies: This has to be one of the most embarrassing bloopers of my career. Just failed Botany I. What I was imagining, of course, was a *mobile*, animal-like creature that could also photosynthesize.

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IBM Reports

Information: key to better service for you as a consumer.

Shoppers in a supermarket near Baltimore now spend nearly 30 percent less time in the checkout line. Guests of an Atlanta hotel can register in just seconds after their arrival. And at a Nebraska savings and loan association, customers can make deposits and withdrawals 40 percent faster than before.

The reason that customers of the supermarket, the hotel and the savings and loan association enjoy better, faster service is the same: computer-based systems provide these businesses with the information they need when they need it—current information about food prices, about available rooms, about account balances.

Minimizing delays is only one of the ways in which modern information technology—from computers to office systems—can be used to benefit the consumer.

For example, with timely, accurate information businesses can reduce the number of out-of-stock items, promptly answer customer inquiries, provide more personalized service and plan better to meet future consumer needs. Information technology is IBM's business—providing the tools for recording, processing, communicating, storing and retrieving information.

Clearly, such information tools are increasingly important in serving the consumer today. They will become even more essential in the future as the economy continues to grow in size and complexity. For instance, today the average supermarket stocks 50 percent more products on its shelves than it did 20 years ago. And, counting various sizes and colors, a large department store now offers a choice of more than a quarter of a million items.

When consumer choices expand in this way, so do the problems of business management. Fortunately, advances over the years have made it more and more economical for businesses to improve customer service through the use of information technology. For example, the cost of computer processing has come down at the rate of about 18 percent compounded annually during the past 20 years.

We at IBM are committed to developing a wide range of innovative new products using information technology—products that help put information to work for people.

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Gail Russell

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WHY CHILDREN SHOULD DRAW

The Surprising Link Between Art and Learning

by Roger M. Williams

For the past decade or so, budget-cutters and back-to-basics zealots have been hacking away at "frills" in America's schools. Inevitably, the arts are among the first victims. But now a countermovement is under way. Important new evidence shows not only that the arts are beneficial in themselves but also that their introduction into a school's curriculum causes marked improvement in math, reading, science, and other subjects that the educationists pronounce "essential." Indeed, some researchers are now saying that the absence of arts programs can retard brain development in children.

While such claims may be overstated, it nonetheless seems clear that the arts have far more than an "enrichment" role to play in the schools. They appear to stimulate a child's natural curiosity and—perhaps literally—to expand the capacity of his brain. The arts even help children discover their own worth and identity and thereby point the way to future happiness.

To support these findings, researchers and theorists have marshaled an impressive assortment of supporting data from within and without the classroom. And statistical results aside, the enthusiasm that students in arts-centered schools display toward education is enough to impress all but the most jaded adults.

Connecticut's Mead School offers a striking example. At Mead, a private institution that has placed strong emphasis on the arts, nursery schoolers through sixth graders spend as much as half of their time in "regular" art classes and a good deal of the other half using art to learn mathematics, science, and a variety of other subjects. "Art gets the largest space here," says Mead's director, Elaine de Beauport, "because only art makes available such a wide variety of materials that a kid can work with instantly. It's not that he can work 'creatively' with them, but that he can use his mind in concert with his hands and eyes. No other subject, or medium, can offer this."

Students at work in the Early Learning Center at the Mead School, Byram, Conn. Other photographs in this article also were taken at Mead.

As Ms. de Beauport spoke, childishly purposeful activity swirled throughout Mead's airy, colorfully decorated rooms. Several four-year-olds painted at easels deliberately placed side by side, so they could discuss each other's pictures; a couple of other children painted on opposite sides of a piece of standing plate glass, creating the "same" picture from opposite vantage points. Six- and seven-year-olds dipped into bins full of marvelous little shapes in order to construct objects and designs. There was no one to say, "Now, children, we'll draw a sunflower"; these kids made what they wanted, the way they wanted it, and most of the results were handsome as well as imaginative.

"Children inhabit two big worlds of learning—symbolic [as in 1+1=2] and experiential," Ms. de Beauport said. "Symbolic is what they get in traditional education. But experiential learning is a requirement for symbolic achievement. Given the proper tools with which to work, a child will naturally show an aptitude for order and sequence, which are so much a part of learning math and science." She picked up a small sculpture of metal rings stacked in perfect pyramids. "No teacher taught that boy to do this. No teacher had to."

There are other, broader attacks on those who would dismiss the arts from school curricula. Indeed, there are attacks on traditional arts programs themselves. One of the most articulate, far-ranging attackers is philosopher and behavioral scientist Jean Houston, director of the Foundation for Mind Research in Pomona, New York, an hour's drive from the Mead School. Dr. Houston criticizes the way the arts have been "encapsulated" in the typical school curriculum and declares, "A person needs to think in terms of

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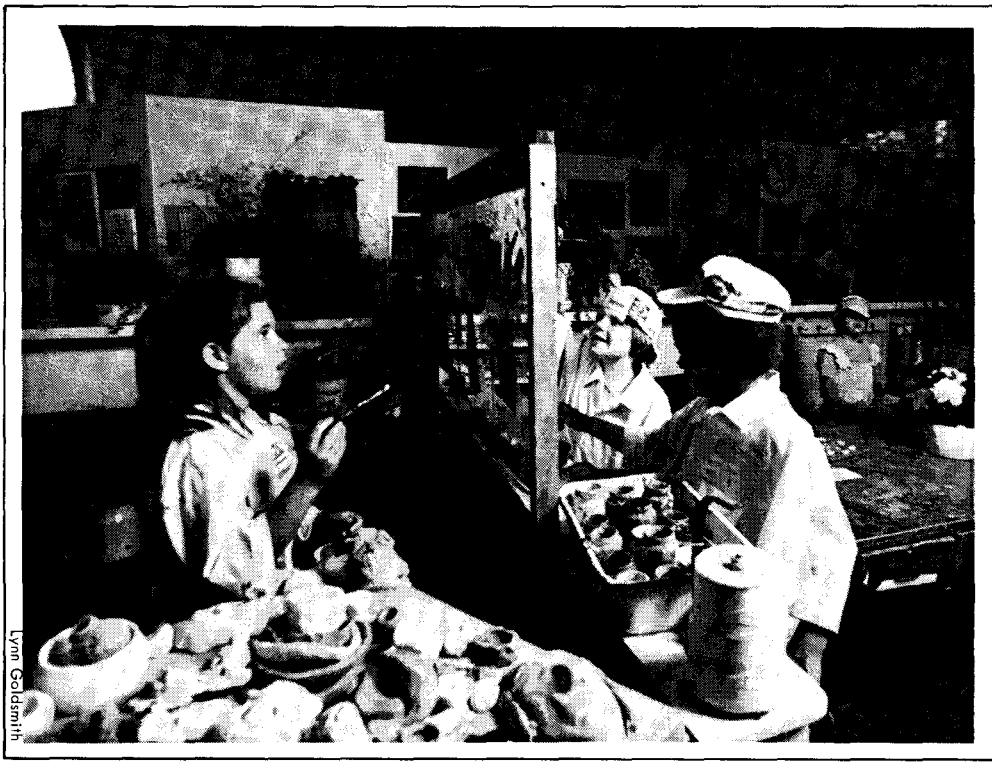
Lynn Goldsmith

"The child without access to a stimulating arts program, Dr. Houston adds, 'is being systematically cut off from most of the ways in which he can perceive the world. His brain is being systematically damaged. In many ways he is being de-educated.' "

images as well as words. He needs whole-body thinking—to evoke more of his entire mind-body system. Verbal-linear-analytical intelligence is a small part of the intelligence spectrum. There is also visual-aesthetic-plastic [working with the hands] intelligence, but that is not acknowledged in the schools."

Such notions impress but also unsettle the average arts educator who is willing to rest his case on the more conventional grounds of teaching the arts for their own sake. Says Charles Gary, past director of the Music Educators' National Conference: "We don't want to say, 'You ought to teach art for the good effect it has on math or science or whatever.' We're willing to believe that arts are the handmaiden of other learning, but we don't think that's their real function."

Perhaps the Charles Garys of America are missing out on a promising new defense against budget cutbacks, but more probably they are sidestepping the additional scorn that would be heaped on them by believers in the three R's. Arts educators have all the problems they can handle just now. Although no statistics are available, it is commonly agreed that music and visual arts have been rather steadily losing courses and teachers in the public schools. Philistinism and why-Johnny-can't-read crusades are not entirely to blame. The fact is that local school authorities have been squeezed by taxpayer rebellions and by legislatures unwilling to raise—and in some cases willing to cut—state appropriations for education.

In those situations, something in the curriculum has to give, and the something is usually the arts. Athletics, another favorite target, possess a survival mechanism that the arts have never had. When school boards have tried to cut interscholastic sports competition—an educational "frill" if there ever was one—they have invariably buckled under a barrage of rhetoric and threats from parents and from politicians who want parents' votes. The coach has a reservoir of public goodwill that the art teacher can never hope to have.

"The phys ed types know how to hustle, while the art teacher is essentially an introvert," explains Dorothy Evans of New York City's School Art League. "He does a great job in the classroom, but nobody knows about it. He's not good at promoting himself."

Mrs. Evans, whose organization gives financial and curricular support to New York's public schools, speaks out of bitter experience. Over the past few years, the beleaguered city has forced its school system to decimate the arts programs: "We lost 99 percent of the visual arts teachers in the elementary schools and a large percentage of them in the high schools. Because more administrators consider the arts nonessential, our cuts were more than double those in any other area—despite the fact that New York City is so identified with, so dependent on, the arts." Several of the city's important arts organizations sent a letter to the school system's chancellor protesting the cuts. No reply was received.

Within the past year, numerous other cities have curtailed or virtually terminated their public school arts programs. Seattle, which had an outstanding music program, reduced the central office staff of music specialists from six to a single half-time person; it also cut out the music teacher slots in most elementary schools. Detroit, in the wake of a voter rejection of a school tax increase, eliminated most music programs from kindergarten through twelfth grade (see box). Minneapolis authorities, forced to cut two of fourteen central administrative positions, chose the art consultant as one of them. Even Columbus, Ohio, which had been financing a notably successful arts program, chose to terminate it at the end of the past school year; Columbus schools are caught up in a court-ordered integration controversy that sapped much of the arts program's public support.

New York will restore some of the excised programs this fall, and Jane Brill, a veteran teacher at PS 108 in East Harlem, is profoundly grateful. She says of the cutbacks:

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"The effect was devastating. I can't tell you the difference it made to the children. Not many of the regular teachers can play the piano, so when there's no music instruction, even a simple thing like singing is lost. It was especially hard on the young children. They learn about other countries and their customs through art and music. They can't learn nearly as well in a vacuum."

The arts have always been relegated to a peripheral role in American culture, including American education. Persons who pursue the arts are often regarded as odd, if not effete. The public schools reflect this attitude. They have established perfunctory and unimaginative "art courses" that barely scratch the surface of a wondrously varied subject area and, worse, fail to encourage students to let their creative instincts guide them.

Nonetheless, plaintive voices have long been raised in support of the arts as a basic component of education. Plato perceived that the natural laws governing the structure of the universe—harmony and proportion, balance and rhythm—also govern music, dance, painting, poetry, and so on; he therefore urged making these art forms a foundation of the educational method. In our own century, the British art critic Herbert Read wrote eloquently on the subject. In *Education Through Art*, Read said, "In the end I do not distinguish science and art, except as methods. Art is the representation, science the explanation—of the same reality."

Bernard Shaw, a Read contemporary, put it even more pithily: "I am simply calling attention to the fact that fine art is the only teacher except torture." The American psychologist Abraham H. Maslow, postulating "learning one's identity" as an essential part of education, believed that the arts are far closer to the core of education than are the more exalted subjects. Education emphasizing art, music, and dance, Maslow said in 1967, "can be a glimpse into the infinite, into ultimate values."

Recently, the cause was taken up by a distinguished panel funded by 15 American corporations and foundations; three of the foundations were Rockefeller offshoots, and the chairman was thirty-four-year-old David Rockefeller, Jr. The panel spent $300,000 to produce a handsome report decrying the state of the arts in education and expressing, in a rich assortment of quotations, the idea that the arts are fundamental to the learning experience. The panel made almost 100 recommendations, but critics noted that very few of them were new. Jean Houston, for one, is not surprised: "The panel dealt with very standard, middle-of-the-road concerns, and it included almost no research people or artists. They're talking about 'arts in education.' We're talking about developing human capacities, and art's role in that."

The Rockefeller panel, it should be noted, did not call Dr. Houston as a witness. More surprising, it did not give the barest mention to the Mead School, which lies virtually at David Rockefeller's doorstep and which is, by any reckoning, one of the nation's outstanding arts-centered elementary schools. Nevertheless, the Rockefeller report is a major step toward the goal of establishing the arts as a basic subject in the schools. Several of the nationally known panel members already have testified before a congressional subcommittee on education, and the publicity they can generate should in itself have a salutary effect on the goal of integrating the arts and education.

How do the arts help children learn? The answer is not clear, but there are some guideposts. It is known that before the age of about six the brain increases in "gray matter," that is, in cells or neurons. After that, throughout life, the neurons make countless interconnections, associations based on such sensory perceptions as sight, touch, and sound. By an as yet undiscovered process, these associations are stored in the brain as learning. They are critical to our

Lynn Goldsmith

"Test scores of the children in arts-centered programs in Columbus, Ohio, generally declined during the first year or two, then rose to surpass the norms in the ensuing years. At the Eastgate Elementary School, where one-third of the children are from families receiving welfare, the number of sixth graders reading at or above grade level increased sixfold during the school year 1973-74."

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ability to recall events from our past; the novelist Proust used the taste of tea-soaked cake as a means of evoking a whole fragment of his past. If these connections and associations are not made at an early age, it is probable that the brain's neurons suffer something analagous to muscular atrophy, and the development of the entire organ is, to that extent, stunted.

Motown Blues

by Irving Kolodin

WHILE Della Reese, Aretha Franklin, Stevie Wonder, Diana Ross, and Yuseef Latif are pursuing profitable careers as contributors to the popular arts and the economy, 50,000 schoolchildren in Detroit who might grow up to emulate such idols are being deprived of the opportunity through curtailment of the city's music education program. What makes Detroit special? The fact that the famous five are products of the Detroit school system and living examples of the practical values of music education.

The fault, for once, is with the public itself. Given a choice between lower educational standards and higher taxes, the voters of Michigan last year said "no" to a $16 million rise in tax rates. Those most directly concerned—the parents of Detroit schoolchildren—contend that the "State Board of Education issued some guidelines for cutting costs and *seemed* to lump music with such activities as camera clubs, intramural sports, etc." This, in the view of those protesting the results, means that music is being treated like a "frill" rather than as a needed and productive study.

When checked out, the circumstances began to clarify the situation, if not to justify it. In Detroit, many white students attend private or parochial schools. A larger-than-average number of voters are in older age brackets, without school age children. Blacks comprise 60 to 70 percent of public school enrollments. The incentive for supporting higher school taxes is thus sharply narrowed.

Much of the pressure comes to bear on Detroit's famous Cass Technical High School, whose program and results have been emulated in New York, Dallas, Philadelphia, and other places since it was established in the 1920s. Its stated purposes are: (1) "To prepare students for college entrance," and (2) "To provide skills which will prepare students for immediate entry into the world of work." Reduction of classes and the dismissal of an instructor at Cass have aroused parents fearful of further cuts. Additionally, the elimination of classes on lower educational levels could reduce the "feeder" functions of these schools in a way that would take five years to repair. Cass has produced 10 percent of the membership of the Detroit Symphony and has also fostered graduates such as Muriel Greenspon of the New York City Opera.

The present dilemma faces another resolution on September 13, when citizens of Michigan are balloting again on the controversial issue. Previous votes have been close and the forthcoming one is expected to follow the prior pattern. But it is a possibility that a better awareness of the dangers may alter some opinions. ◉

The differentiation of the brain into left and right hemispheres certainly plays a role in arts-centered learning. According to the widely accepted theory, the left hemisphere is the seat of analysis and sequential learning, including verbal and mathematical skills, while the right is superior in visual-spatial abilities. Says Robert Masters, Jean Houston's husband and coresearcher: "If the current thinking is correct that the arts come out of the right, or visual, side, you are obviously damaging the brain if you don't cultivate that side as well as the analytic side."

Doctors Houston and Masters shy away from making specific claims about the arts stimulating physical growth of the brain. But they believe firmly in the arts' far-reaching effects on bodily and intellectual development. As Dr. Masters puts it, "The arts stimulate greater body awareness and less muscular inhibition. Lack of stimulation of that sort leads to inhibitions in the motor cortex and in the ability to think certain kinds of thoughts and feel certain kinds of feelings. In a general way, movement and feeling are interrelated. Anything that blocks one is sure to block the other."

The child without access to a stimulating arts program, Dr. Houston adds, "is being systematically cut off from most of the ways in which he can perceive the world. His brain is being systematically damaged. In many ways he is being de-educated."

Dr. Houston cites the celebrated anthropologist Margaret Mead, who, she says, has highly developed senses of smell and touch, as well as an extraordinary ability to organize images into "a coherent flow of memories, ideas, contexts, metaphors, and information. . . . In this way she enriches the scientific, objective data that most concern her." In a recent article, Dr. Houston points out that while still an infant, Dr. Mead was exposed to many sensory stimuli, including "pictures of great works of art and masterpieces of music," and "was encouraged to use all her senses in any kind of activity, even the most abstract ones. . . . If you ask Western people where 'I' exists, many point to their foreheads. If you ask Margaret Mead that question, she responds matter-of-factly, 'Why, all over me, of course.' "

Despite the generally dismal state of the arts in education, there are hopeful signs. A handful of institutions now prepare teachers of the arts for a broad new role that may someday be open to them. Syracuse University's School of Art has a Department of Synaesthetic Education that believes, like Plato, that the arts as well as the senses are interrelated and should be taught with no barriers between them. The Naropa Institute, in Boulder, Colorado, offers a teacher retraining course whose theme is that " 'artistic' is a quality of mind available to the ordinary person and applicable to every aspect of daily life."

A sizable number of public schools, as the Rockefeller panel pointed out, have embarked on innovative and promising programs. The federally financed Project IMPACT (Interdisciplinary Model Program in the Arts for Children and Teachers) began in 1970 at five widely scattered schools and survived for a few years through local funding. In Eugene, Oregon, one of the IMPACT cities, the project grew into an ongoing "alternative" Magnet Arts school (K-6) where, in the words of the principal, the arts "are used as a discipline in themselves but mostly as a vehicle to teach other disciplines." To aid in the development of reading and writing skills, Magnet Arts students write and perform their own plays; they also illustrate the texts, bringing in

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Lynn Goldsmith

"Plato perceived that the natural laws governing the structure of the universe—harmony and proportion, balance and rhythm—also govern music, dance, painting, poetry, and so on; he therefore urged making these art forms a foundation of educational method."

another artistic dimension. A good deal of the math instruction is done through the medium of dance, with dancers making themselves smaller and larger to dramatize the meaning of "greater than" and "less than." Science instruction utilizes the many similarities between scientific and musical principles; the students even make their own instruments.

Each Magnet Arts teacher must have a specialty in the arts as well as being a regular classroom instructor. Even so, the school is not more expensive to operate. Students spend less than half as much time on the three R's as do their counterparts in Eugene's traditional schools. Yet last year, compared with the 29 other schools in its district, Magnet Arts's sixth grade tied for first place in reading and for fifth place in math.

The Columbus, Ohio, program that ended last June was also an outgrowth of IMPACT, and it produced remarkable, though uneven, results. Test scores of the children in arts-centered programs generally declined during the first year or two, then rose to surpass the norms in the ensuing years. At arts-centered Eastgate Elementary School, where one-third of the children are from families receiving welfare, the number of sixth graders reading at or above grade level increased sixfold during the school year 1973–74. In the same year, students in three math categories improved their test scores from 14 percent at grade level to 39 percent, from 14 to 70, and from 10 to 73.

Although no official comparisons were made, authorities at the 12 Columbus schools that eventually embraced IMPACT believe that attendance improved also. One second grade teacher explained why that would logically happen: "This class is eager to try most of the new things in the arts areas as well as academically. . . . The children *feel good* about the things we do."

Predictably, things have progressed further in private schools. The Magic Mountain School, in Berkeley, has already experimented with a wholly arts-centered curriculum and gone on to something that stresses "the self of the individual student," with emphasis on meditation, biofeedback, and cultivating the "inner self." "We came to see that all kids learn differently and that an arts-centered program was just not right for all of them," says the school director, Puanani Harvey. "In addition, a lot of kids—and parents—now want a more traditional education. They even want to learn from textbooks." Nonetheless, about a third of Magic Mountain's 35 students will elect an arts-centered program.

At the Mead School, too, the amount of arts and arts-related work varies considerably from student to student. "For some, an hour a week of actual artwork may be more than enough," says Ms. de Beauport. "For others, especially the younger children, a lot more is advisable. The first three years should be heavily experiential; the last three, heavily symbolic. That way, the younger child can exercise all of his sensory functions—physical, conceptual, aesthetic—as well as integrate himself with his outside environment. He can't experience A, B, C, but he can see a yellow flower and draw it, or imagine one and draw it, thereby taking what's inside him and expressing it."

Much of Mead's present curriculum reflects the ideas and research of the Houston-Masters team, with the utilization of both group and individual instruction playing the central part. Each Mead student has two types of "teachers"—a Home Center Director, who advises the student and confers with his parents, and several Curriculum Center Directors, who teach him specific subjects. "The group situation imparts the principles and skills of art," Ms. de Beauport says, "but the individual situation is more important. That's where the child can experiment, can develop confidence in the use of his skills. That's the secret behind the complexity that comes out of these kids."

The Mead students' artistic skills are amply displayed in the work that adorns the room partitions (there are no walls)

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Lynn Goldsmith

"There was a learning-disabled boy with no sequential ability who did well at Mead; he created a wonderfully expressive pelican woodcut that merited a place in the art book. In junior high school, however, he is having great difficulty. Not only can't he cope with sequentially organized subjects, he received a D in art—for failing to get his project in on time."

and study centers in the converted boat factory that houses the school. They are also displayed in what the school calls "the art book," a collection of color photographs of arts and crafts objects made by the students. Both the imagination and the technical skill displayed in the book are stunning; as Ms. de Beauport, leafing through the pages with a visitor, remarked, it is difficult to believe that all of the work was done by children.

Mead, however, does not want to be judged as an art school. It admits students without regard to artistic aptitude, and it aims to turn out well-rounded sixth graders who can continue their education in any kind of academic setting. So far, the results have been gratifying. In school year 1976–77 each grade at Mead was performing at or above the Standard Achievement Test (SAT) norms in every subject. On the nine-point SAT scale, five is considered grade level. Scanning Mead scores by class and subject, one sees almost all sixes and sevens, with a couple of eights and a couple of fives. The most recent scores include a small triumph: fives and sixes in spelling, which previously had been below grade level. "I don't know what the problem was with spelling," Ms. de Beauport muses, "except that it's not a very logical subject."

Is the Mead process translatable to an American public school? From a standpoint of local prejudices and politics, Ms. de Beauport admits, probably not. But from a physical and even a cost standpoint, yes. "An art teacher is 'different' to begin with. She works in an independent world, so she needs centers like ours. It's a matter of redesigning the space and showing the teacher how to become a manager —which is what we call her—rather than a teacher, that is a facilitator of materials as well as of group and individual learning. It would take more space, but not a lot more money."

The kind of educational enhancement Mead provides can have both salutary and unhappy effects. The unhappy is pointed up by the case of a learning-disabled boy with no sequential ability who did well at Mead (learning-disabled children often thrive on arts-centered therapy); he created a wonderfully expressive pelican woodcut that merited a place in the art book. In junior high school, however, he is having great difficulty. Not only can't he cope with sequentially organized subjects, he received a D in art—for failing to get his project in on time.

Happily, the case of Chris Grant is more typical of Mead students. In the early grades of a public elementary school, her mother says, "Chris got passed along although she wasn't reading and didn't know her math concepts." Enrolled at Mead in the fourth grade, she did almost nothing but artwork for the first year; that was just as well, because she wasn't interested in much else. Suddenly, she developed a passion for math, and her math grades improved rapidly. Her other grades began improving also. At the end of sixth grade, she was testing at the seventh and eighth grade levels in all subjects. Now a high school senior, she gets all A's and B's and is headed toward a career in art.

"I used to hate both reading and math," Chris Grant recalled recently. "Maybe that's because in the public school, they said, 'Learn it.' Mead made learning fun. In fact, I didn't know I was learning." ◉

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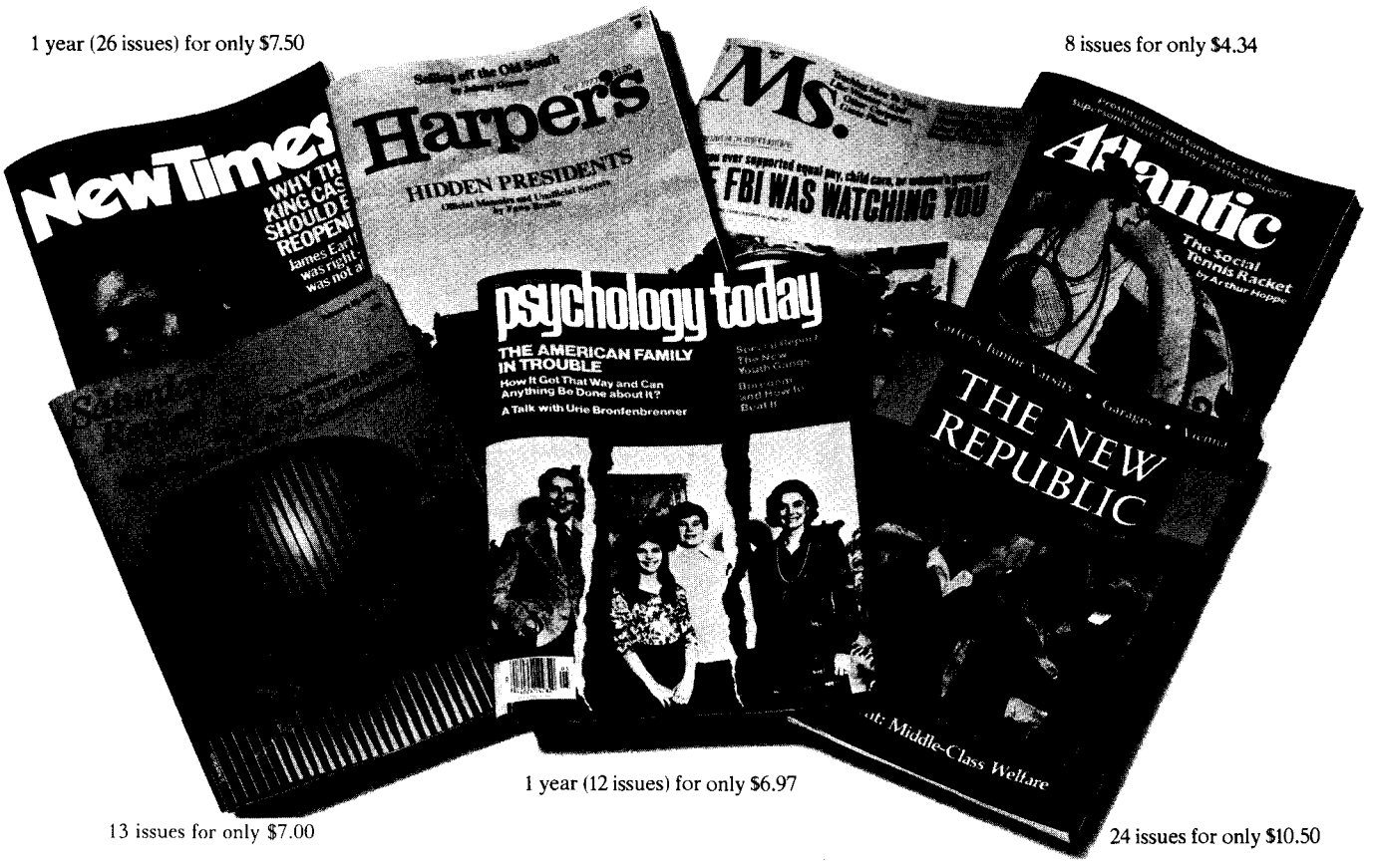

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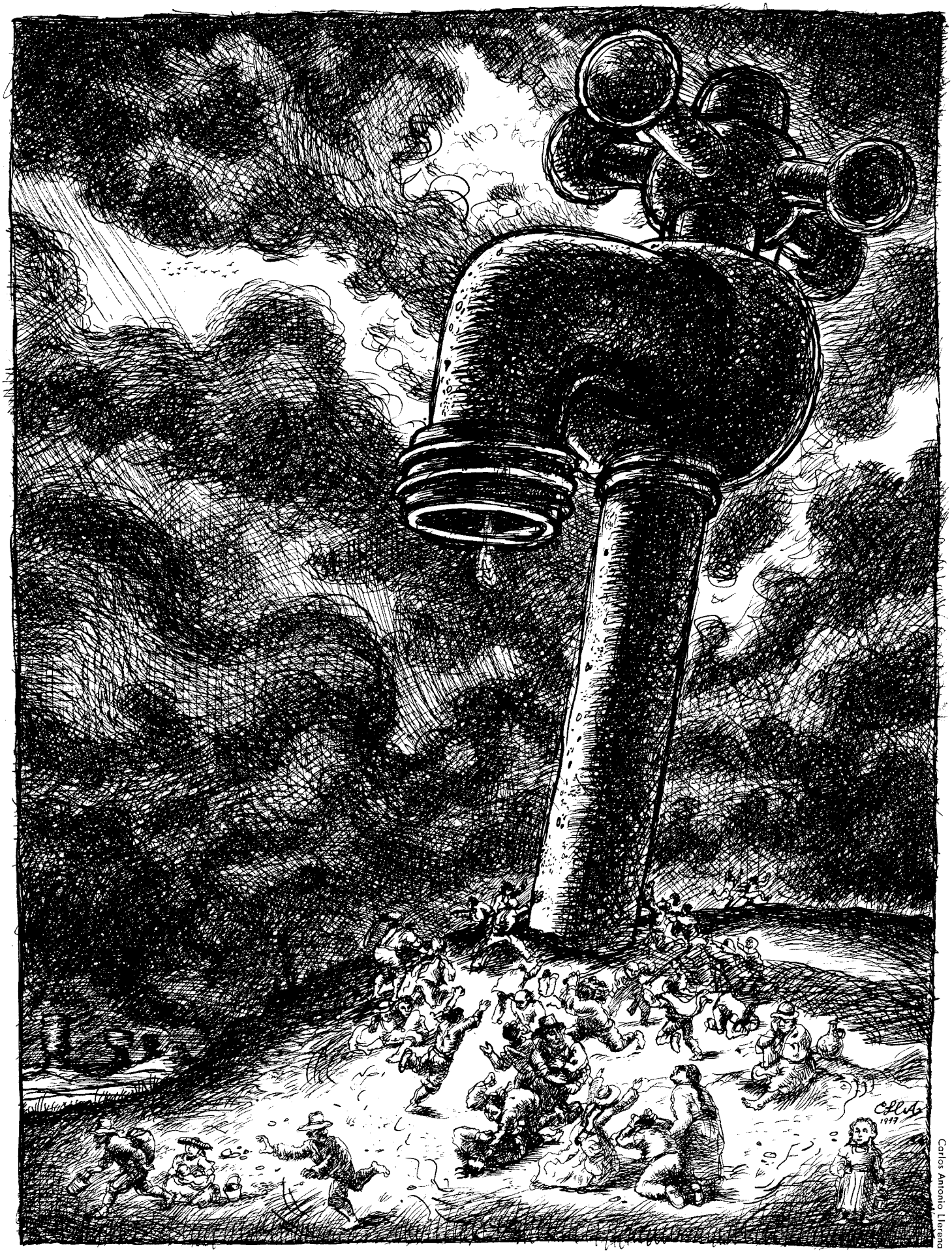

Carlos Antonio Llerena

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Report from New Mexico

THE GREAT SOUTHWEST WATER WAR

by John Neary

On an evening in early May 1975, when winter's harsh grip had loosened at last and the rivers of northern New Mexico, swollen with the spring melt, were rushing down from the mountains, Pete Naranjo was flooding his alfalfa field on the outskirts of the village of Espanola with water from the Santo Niño irrigation ditch.

When the mayordomo, or overseer, of the ditch, Martin Fresquez, told Naranjo that he had used the water long enough, Naranjo objected, saying that if the lateral (the canal feeding his field) were closed, the water would only go to waste overnight. Fresquez insisted and began to close the head gate with a shovel. Naranjo intervened, and, witnesses later agreed, the two men thereupon dueled briefly with shovels and then grappled until Fresquez ended the dispute by biting off Naranjo's right ear.

Not surprisingly, the charge of aggravated battery against Fresquez was dismissed in court—as was the claim by Naranjo, who required plastic surgery, for $60,000 in damages. Fresquez's attorney, Peter Shoenfeld, of Santa Fe, well aware of the customs of ditches and their users, had argued that as mayordomo, his client had been privileged to bite off an ear in the course of carrying out his duty.

That such an incident could occur so early in what was not an exceptionally dry year illustrates the kind of passion ignited by water in the Southwest. Fresquez's ferocity in discharging his responsibility helps explain the present anguish of another mayordomo, Ignacio D. Moya, of Santa Fe —the man in charge of one of the oldest irrigation systems in North America, the *acequia madre*, the "mother ditch" of the old capital city.

Sometime in the seventeenth century, a couple of hundred years before Moya was born in Santa Fe, the Spanish colonists there launched a project similar to ones undertaken by villagers everywhere in the king's new territories. They dug an *acequia*, an irrigation ditch, to divert water from the Rito de Santa Fe, which ran through the little mud village, so their garden plots could be irrigated.

The Spanish had picked up the idea of ditch irrigation from the Moors, but the concept was not new in the Southwest. Indians along the Rio Grande had irrigated; so had the Hohokam people, long before, in Arizona. Unable to drill wells down into the aquifer, those early settlers could only rely upon ditches to slake the thirst of the land.

Around this life-giving trench network there arose a concept of government based upon water. Villagers devised a system of rights, apportioned claims to water in drought times in the order of the settlers' seniority, and elected one of their number to serve as the mayordomo of the ditch—a position of great esteem and vital power—to adjudicate the inevitable disputes.

Eighty-eight-year-old Ignacio Moya has served as the mayordomo of the *acequia madre* for the past 20 years, reelected each spring by the members of the ditch association, who hold the rights to *acequia* water. For most of those years the ditch has been good to the members; proof of that grows in Moya's backyard on Canyon Road, in the heart of the old city. About 300 feet long and only 75 feet wide, Moya's yard contains martial rows of apple trees—winesaps, Roman beauties, red delicious, some of them older than Moya himself—and other fruit trees: cherry, peach, and apricot.

Until recently, Moya had vegetables to harvest as well: beets, corn, carrots, peas, and beans. But last year he did not even bother to plant, and he now fears that his beloved trees are threatened with slow death. The reason: after more than 200 years, the *acequia madre* has gone dry. "I don't call it the Santa Fe River anymore," Moya says bitterly. "I call it the Santa Fe arroyo."

In Spanish, *arroyo* means "gully," a parched stream bed, dry except when it rains. The Santa Fe River has been dry for the past two years, ever since, Moya believes, the Public Service Company (PSC) of New Mexico, which provides Santa Fe with water and electricity, built the last of three dams high in the canyon where the river has its headwaters.

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"The end of the old egalitarian West will have begun—not because there is not enough water but because only the rich will be able to turn on the spigot."

"When they built the first two dams," Moya says, "it didn't hurt us. We used to get a small stream of water, more than enough to irrigate—but they took that last little bit of water."

Charles Hagerman, a neighbor of Moya's, who is a geologist and a member of the ditch commission, explains that the parched condition of the *acequia*—and of his own garden—is the result of a new filtering plant. By piping water down rather than allowing it to run in the stream bed, the PSC has prevented the water from percolating into the soil. "They improved their gathering system to the point where there isn't any extra water now," Hagerman says.

The logic of building a water system that is causing his orchard to wither mystifies Moya, who can remember when the river not only watered his garden but also had muscle enough to power a hydroelectric plant as well as the mills that ground the wheat grown on nearby farms. As the river shrank to fill the dams that water the city, the power plant, the mills, and the farms vanished. Moya, however, who wants to save his garden, is seeking redress and has asked the state engineer, New Mexico's top mayordomo of water, to make the *acequia madre* flow again. "They've got to give us our water rights!" Moya declares.

Meanwhile, the villagers in the ancient settlement of Agua Fria, on the other side of Santa Fe, found their stretch of the *acequia* dry, too, and worse, they feared that a new well drilled by the PSC would affect their own wells. They filed a lawsuit against the PSC, and when the state engineer intervened, he was ordered by the court to make a hydrographic survey of the river to determine who held the water rights. Thus it is that Moya, Hagerman, and some 2,600 other water users will find themselves parties to the Agua Frians' suit—which just might result in the old ditch flowing again.

Such legal imbroglios are anything but rare in an area so arid that European notions of riparian rights were long ago replaced with the more expedient if not necessarily common-sense system of first come, first served—provided always that the senior water right is exercised for a "beneficial" use, a provision aimed at barring waste of the precious stuff. Richard Simms, chief legal counsel to the state engineer, recently ticked off a list of just a few of the situations around New Mexico that his office is keeping a wary eye on:

- The city of Taos, long an artists' haven and now a booming ski resort, is perilously close to exceeding its legal appropriation of water. When a new industry or motel comes to Taos, it must *buy* the water rights of someone in the area before a spigot can be turned on.
- The Carlsbad irrigation district on the Pecos River lies downstream from the city of Roswell, but Carlsbad's water rights were adjudicated in the 1930s to be senior to those of some users in the Roswell district. Last year Carlsbad asked the state engineer to enforce that seniority, and the dispute appears headed toward a lengthy court battle.
- On the Chama River, there have been years so dry that priority calls have closed ditches, their head gates padlocked shut.
- Tiny Vermejo Creek meanders from Colorado, where scant use is made of its water, down into New Mexico's Colfax County, where the water is actually overappropriated, and a tense situation is brewing: a Colorado mining company and New Mexico's Natural Resources Conservation Commission have both decided to exercise their rights to the water.

Thick as the litigation is becoming as the pressures of drought-induced water scarcity pit old users against new and farmers against city dwellers, the legal cases with perhaps the most far-reaching implications are the welter of suits involving Indian claims to the most senior water rights of all. Some of these suits have dragged on for years, threatening—if the claims are recognized—most of what nonreservation development exists by asserting that Indians have paramount claim to all the water they need, both now and in the future, without compensating people whose rights may be destroyed by tribal actions. "That creates havoc in terms of legitimate expectations," says Simms, who might be speaking for anybody dependent upon Colorado, Rio Grande, or Pecos water—which is just about everybody in the West. "It creates a tap by which Indians or the federal government can just suck all the water they want out from under people with historic expectations."

But Indian water claims, profoundly as they would affect the status quo, are not the most serious threat to the way of life in the West, nor is the current drought. While one had only to glance at the scant patches of snow remaining on the highest mountain peaks last spring to realize that it was a bad winter for farmers and then at the trickle of water in the Rio and the sky thick with smoke from the fires in the crackly-dry forests to see that it was going to be a correspondingly terrible summer, old-timers know that it takes more than just one dry year to make a drought. They know, too, that the water you see is not all the water there is and that getting it is more than a matter of hydrology alone. Water in practical terms means dollars: the money it takes to buy water rights, to drill wells, to install pumps. While surface water may be scarce at present, there are still untold acre-feet of groundwater waiting to be tapped. Who will use it, and how, will determine the future of the West.

Where water resources are already overappropriated—which in plain language means that more drinks have been promised than are in the bottle—which is everywhere in the West, the inevitable result will be that something will have to cease to exist so that something else may survive. Most likely to go is agriculture; replacing it will be urban development and industry.

Sierra Club president Brant Calkin, who lives near Santa Fe, dolefully observes that "if New Mexico had relied on natural water in 1970, it would have had a population of just 870,000—but it had more than that then, and it now has over a million." One result, Calkin says, is the impending extinction of the economic base of the state's eastern region,

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" 'Agriculture today is a dead duck, and the reason is that there is a million-acre mortgage on the surface of the land that has to be paid—in water.' "

agriculture, which draws heavily on groundwater "that is fossil, nonrechargeable. Agriculture is overdrafting, taking out more than it puts back."

Calkin cites another rubber check written upon the water supply in the form of subdivisions. "In 1970," he says, "New Mexico had a million-plus acres of uninhabited but subdivided land; figure that two million people will live there. This means a completely different concept of what water will be used for: those people will have the political power to take the water from people using it now. They are going to take it, and it's not going to make a damned bit of difference how many farmers go out of business. Agriculture today is a dead duck, and the reason is that there is a million-acre mortgage on the surface of the land that has to be paid—in water.

"Nobody is doing a thing about getting ready for it; all we are doing is trying to convince ourselves that somebody can squeeze more water out. The basic dynamics no one knows or cares to grapple with because it's too dangerous politically. Politics has never had to reflect reality; the regional and the federal approaches are largely what got us into the mess we're in: take water from where it is and put it where it ain't. It's all development-oriented. Our water laws don't work. The Pecos is overallocated; people have rights to more water than there is or ever will be. We're no better off for water than we are for energy, except that the Arabs can't cut off our water. The solution, or the restoration of sanity, is total decentralization: each locality must live within its water budget and not go outside and rip someone else off."

That painful metamorphosis of use from agricultural to urban absorption of water has been under way for centuries in some areas of the West. The first Spanish explorers to reach the middle Rio Grande found about 25,000 acres under irrigation. In the next 350 years, the total grew to 124,800 acres along the Rio and another 105,000 acres along its tributaries. Ironically, more land was irrigated in the late 1800s than now. Drought reduced farming severely from 1892 to 1904, and timber cutting in the high watershed and overgrazing in the same area so silted the mighty river that flooding and the consequent raising of the water table ruined much of the region for farming. One writer has called the history of the use of the great river "an example of almost complete regional suicide."

The Rio, however, at least still flows—thanks in large part, knowledgeable observers contend, to the tough administration of its waters since the mid-1950s by the state engineer, Steve Reynolds. The Santa Cruz, which once flowed through Tucson, and the Salt, which drew early entrepreneurs to Phoenix, are both totally dead now, their beds dry, the aquifer sucked out until it lies far below them. Dams killed the Salt, strangling it high in the mountains northeast of Phoenix; groundwater pumping drained the Santa Cruz. Hydrologists estimate that groundwater mining in Tucson and Phoenix may be occurring 30 to 50 times faster than rainfall and snowmelt are replenishing the source. In Santa Fe the situation is much the same, in some areas dropping the water table 50 feet below its recorded high level.

In places where citizens have been forced to such lengths —or depths—to get water to survive, even a drought does not quite pierce the shroud of unconcern that seems to protect their consciousness. Lawn sprinklers still twirl their sparkling arcs of water high over the grass in Tucson yards, on the expressway cloverleaf greensward in Phoenix, in the federal cemetery in Santa Fe. Yet all about such cities are poignant testaments to the vagaries of climate—the abandoned dwellings of aboriginal people who were driven by drought from *their* towns eight or nine centuries ago.

Memories are short, however (it's been some 20 years since the last really dry spell around Santa Fe), and faith in technology—from solar-powered irrigation pumps to cloud seeding to such *acequia*-building as the proposed North American Water and Power Alliance that would bring excess water from Alaska, British Columbia, Alberta, Washington, and Oregon down into the southwestern United States and into Mexico at a cost of $100 billion—is long.

Until such miracles are actually realized, some voices are being raised on behalf of conservation. Amarante Romero, fifty-seven, is the unofficial mayor of the village of Agua Fria and a member of the Santa Fe County Planning Commission. Like Ignacio Moya, Romero can remember the Rito de Santa Fe as a flowing stream and the days when the people of his village got water from the springs that gave the place its Spanish name: cold water. Recently he proposed a stringent set of conservation measures, including the installation of low-flow plumbing fixtures in new construction, cutbacks on lawn irrigation, and requirements for natural landscaping in new subdivisions.

"I'm not doing this for myself," Romero says, "but for the children growing up now—what the hell are *they* going to do?—so they won't have to leave Santa Fe just because it went dry. If the people will cooperate, their children will have enough water. If they don't, we're certainly going to be in trouble."

He adds pessimistically, "A lot of people tell me this water conservation will never go through, that it's political suicide."

Indeed, three members of the Tucson city council recently discovered the truth of that, finding themselves summarily ousted from office by angry voters in a recall election, after they had backed a tough set of water law revisions that would have encouraged conservation through rate hikes.

If Romero's fears prove true and the spirit of Tucson prevails, with people shying away in fear from the task of working out a fair sharing of water, then the end of the old egalitarian West will have begun—not, ironically, because there is not enough water for people and crops and livestock, but because only the rich will be able to turn on the spigot. ◉

John Neary, a free-lance writer based in New Mexico, is the author of Whom the Gods Destroy.

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Durrell Incognito

Sicilian Carousel
by Lawrence Durrell
Viking, 256 pp., $10

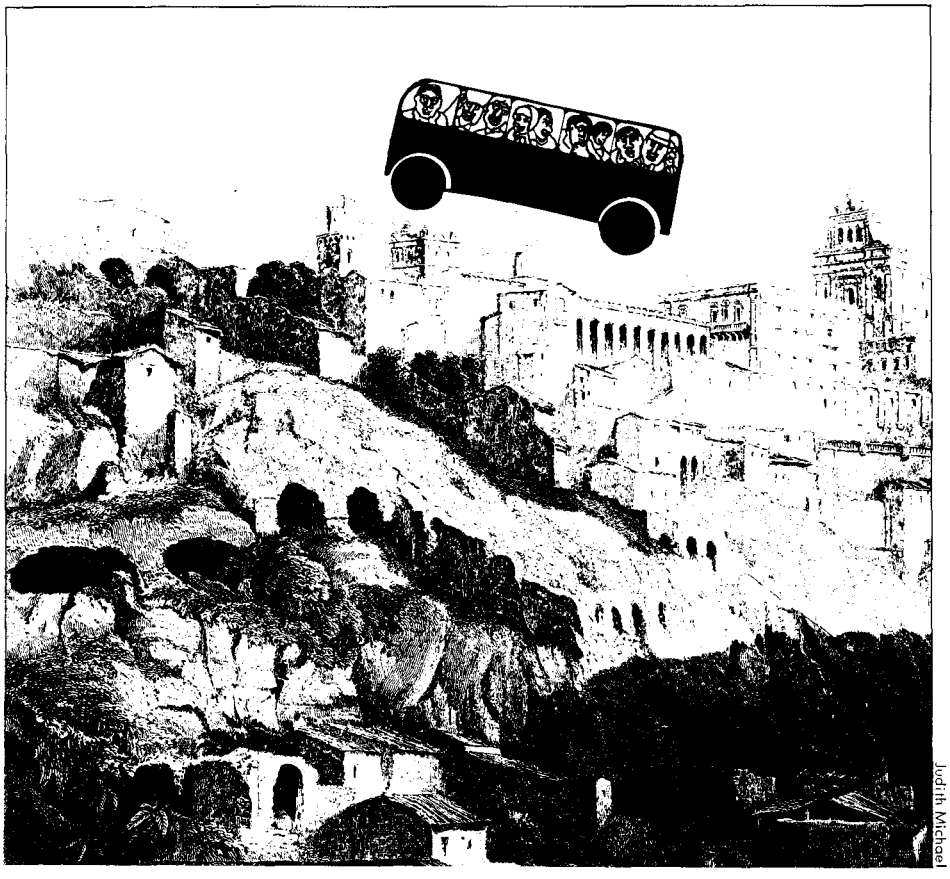
Reviewed by Paul Fussell

A CAROUSEL goes round and round, and that is what the little shiny red tour bus carrying Lawrence Durrell and 20 other pilgrims did in Sicily a year ago for two hot but lovely weeks in July. The group started at Catania and proceeded clockwise around this island shaped like "a concert grand," visiting Syracuse, Agrigento, Selinunte, Segesta, Palermo, and Messina, and ending at Taormina. For Durrell, traveling incognito, part of the exercise was to discover whether the concept *group travel* was not a contradiction in terms. To his delight (and ours) he found that it was not, that curiosity and intelligence could still be brought to bear even in the close, conformist atmosphere of modern tourism. He has recorded this discovery in an irresistible book, his best, I think, since *Bitter Lemons*, published 20 years ago.

I say this aware of *The Alexandria Quartet* and *The Black Book*. Durrell writes terrible fiction and unreadable poems. His métier has always been the travel book or the "residence abroad" book. He is one of the most conspicuous modern victims of the late-Romantic overvaluation of fiction and poetry as literary modes. The public status superstitiously accorded these modes has enticed him into affecting to be an artist of one kind when actually he is a superb artist of quite a different sort. I have heard that he regards *Sicilian Carousel* as a potboiler. If true, that is sad and ironic, for the book is both more authentic Durrell and a better work of art than his pretentious and badly written novels. Unfortunately, he has chosen to include six poems in *Sicilian Carousel*. They are sloppy, formless, and incoherent, quite the opposite of the wonderful prose in which they are set.

In *Sicilian Carousel*, Durrell does not eschew the real techniques of fiction, merely its more egregious pretenses. If the characters in his novels are implausible, steamy grotesques, the characters he depicts as his tour mates on the Sicilian Carousel (that is the trade name of the little bus) are not just real—they are interesting. There is the self-congratulatory middle-aged French couple "who looked like very cheap microscopes." There is the Anglican bishop afflicted with Doubts, pursuing this trip for therapy following a tearful breakdown in his pulpit. "I could see," writes Durrell, "that he was a pleasant and conscientious man underneath an evident Pauline-type neurosis which is almost endemic in the Church of England, and usually comes from reading *Lady Chatterley's Lover* in paperback." There is the pretty German blond, Renata, who during the tour falls in love with an unlikable German youth and gets engaged to him at the end of the tour. There is the Japanese couple in purple shoes who giggle refreshingly at the wrong moments. Beddoes is a cashiered British schoolmaster, a thorough cad who smokes a horrible pipe and invites universal disapproval with his rude remarks ("Alcibiades? A dreadful homo!") until he is observed darning his own socks in public. Two French ladies are mad for postcards. Durrell's closest friend on the tour is Deeds, a gentle, shrewd, and self-sufficient British Eighth Army veteran, the quintessential Desert Rat, always alert, decent, and funny. Typical of his frequent musings is his recall of his troops' belief that toenails grow especially fast in Sicily. The guide of this motley group is the intelligent Roberto; the driver is Mario, who scowls a lot but proves superbly efficient and courteous. Durrell uses the comic interplay within the group to underline certain national characteristics, as a counterpoint to the question he keeps asking about Sicily: Of what does its Greekness consist?

THERE is one person on the tour whom no one sees. She is the brave, sensitive Martine, one of Durrell's Cyprus neighbors, who sent Durrell a series of letters beautifully descriptive of Sicily but died before his visit to the island. Durrell, who has never been to Sicily before, has brought Martine's letters



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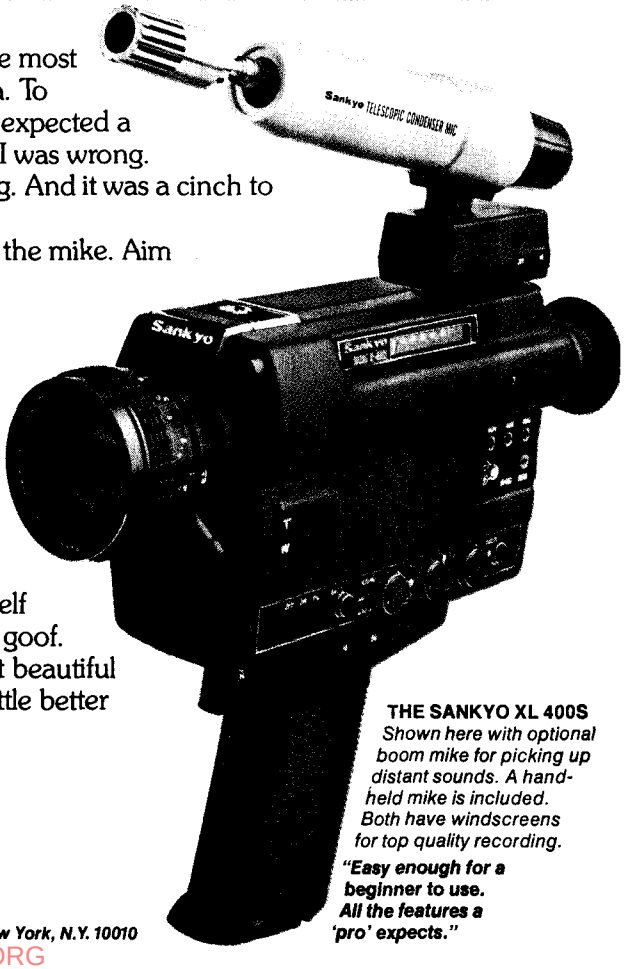

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with him, and as he encounters each sight he adverts to Martine's meditations on it and compares her response with his own. The Carousel visits only the flagrantly standard tourist places. Yet Durrell, assisted by Martine's vision, encounters them with such affectionate curiosity that they turn magical and have the effect of generating a number of fascinating little inset essays. One is an excursus on the olive tree as the essential characteristic of that "nation" called the Mediterranean. Another constitutes a perception about historical continuity occasioned by the remarkable cathedral of Syracuse, where one finds a Christian church made out of the shell of a temple of Minerva built (and used) centuries earlier. This phenomenon is for Durrell "the quick or quiddity of Sicily" to the degree that "the past has not been razed but accepted and accommodated with reassuring tact and ampleness." The impact of the Christianized temple of Minerva on Durrell is powerful: "For the first time in my life [he is now sixty-six] I didn't feel anti-Christian." But while he senses a close alliance with the pagan, Durrell is smart enough to know that he cannnot really understand it. Scrutinizing the temples at Agrigento and admiring their "purity," he reminds himself that originally "their friezes and cornices were painted in crude primary colors" and wonders "whether we would not have been shocked rather than moved by these sights if they had been today in their ancient state of repair, bright with color-washes. It might have seemed to our contemporary eyes as garish but as refreshingly childish as the painted sideboards of the little Sicilian carts. . . ."

What is remarkable about Sicily, as one of Durrell's friends says, is that there "everything seems simultaneous," with the result that ancient and modern lie down together in harmony. Even the offshore oil rigs seem less at war with the ruined Greek temples than like them, because they, too, symbolize a civilization that soon will pass and make way for another. Durrell's deep historical consciousness directs him constantly to what lasts and recurs in human experience, what is truly essential, and his precise perception clears the reader's head like the scent of thyme on a hot Sicilian morning. Speaking of the small scale of the architecture at Messina —since the last earthquake, buildings have been limited to two or three stories—he observes: "The minute your architecture dwarfs people, shows disrespect for the purely human scale, you start to stunt their minds and chill their spirits." The reader will instantly if sadly think of New York City.

"What landscape-tasters the ancient Greeks were!" says Durrell. If landscape tasting makes one a Greek, Durrell eminently qualifies. Everywhere he relates geology and flora to the kinds of human life and institutions that thrive in a given place, and he uses even the sense of smell to appreciate the "secret imprint" a place makes on those who live there. People as well as wild flowers and wines and crops are "the bare products of the soil," choosing less what they desire to do than what their special spot of earth demands they do.

Readers who have been to Sicily will love this book. Readers who have not been to Sicily will love this book. In prose now ceremonious, now louche, it superbly captures the spirit of that place and does so with a generosity of imagination rare in any writing, including "fiction." ◉

Paul Fussell, John DeWitt Professor of English Literature at Rutgers and author of the prizewinning book The Great War and Modern Memory, *is writing a study of travel books as literature.*

The Great Bookie

Philosopher at Large:
An Intellectual Autobiography
by Mortimer J. Adler
Macmillan, 329 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by Norman Cousins

WHEN I first learned that Mortimer Adler was writing his autobiography, with the emphasis on his intellectual development, I had a vision of a three-volume set, at least. He has been involved during his lifetime in a dozen or more major educational enterprises. He was one of the architects of the *Great Books of the Western World*. He was involved with Robert M. Hutchins in the new educational design for the University of Chicago. He played a prominent role in establishing the intellectual program for the Aspen Institute in Colorado. He was a leading figure in bringing about a revolutionary change in the theory and practice of a modern encyclopedia (*Encyclopaedia Britannica*). He spent years classifying the main ideas of Western civilization. Each of these undertakings would have justified an entire book. What we have here, however, is the full range of all these experiences and undertakings in a single volume.

In the universe of ideas, nothing is more difficult to recreate than the perception of mind by itself. Yet Mortimer Adler has been able both to recapture the feelings he had during his various ventures and to stand outside himself while writing about them. He identifies the interactive influences that went into the making of a creatively disciplined mind. What is equally important, he has something of value to give the reader as the result of each of his experiences—deeper insights into the way ideas are born and take on substance and character; a fuller understanding of the art of intellectual persuasion; and a direct view of some of the giants of contemporary thought: how they reason, how they get things done or fail to get things done.

It is futile to speculate whether Adler has had greater influence as a teacher, as a philosopher, or as an editor. Futile, because all the strands form a single skein. He is a thinker and teacher who obviously regards systematic thought as a value second only to life itself. All his intellectual activities, whether in the classroom or in his study, are directed to the pursuit of knowledge through disciplined thought. He has served as a consultant for an impressive number of colleges and universities that were interested in curriculum reform. To each of them, he has advanced a series of negative conditions as "prerequisite to any reform aimed in the right direction":

1. There should be no vocational training of any sort.
2. There should be no electives, no majors or minors, no specialization in subject matter.
3. There should be no division of the faculty into professors competent in one department of learning rather than another.
4. No member of the faculty should be unprepared to teach the course of study as a whole.
5. No textbooks or manuals should be assigned as reading material for the students.
6. Not more than one lecture a week should be given to the student body.
7. There should be no written examinations.

What is left—what is possible—after these seven conditions are met? Adler feels, and he is right, that the process leads almost automatically to positive values: the replacement of departmentally divided professors by a community of fellows and tutors obligated to teach everything required of the students; the replacement of written examinations by oral examina-

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tions; the replacement of inferior textbooks and manuals; and so on.

Adler recognizes that the seven conditions tend to lose validity in direct proportion to the size of the educational institution. Once, at Stanford University, where he advanced his thesis, he was asked a simple question by the dean: "Dr. Adler, if we were to comply with these conditions, what would you recommend that we do in a college that enrolls seven thousand students?" Adler had been so caught up in the concept of a small college that he says he sat "in stunned silence until I could summon the wit to apologize for not having inquired in the first place about the size of the student body." Wryly, he also acknowledged that "no flourishing institution could be expected to turn the somersaults" that his program demanded.

Adler gives less ground when confronted with the criticism that his ideas are slavishly Aristotelian. He admits he feels that philosophy reached its high point with Aristotle and that he has learned very little from modern philosophers. Almost all the philosophical truths he came to know and understand, he says, are derived first of all from Aristotle, then from Aquinas, a student of Aristotle, or from Jacques Maritain, a student of both Aristotle and Aquinas.

"It is certainly possible to be an Aristotelian," Adler says, "or the devoted disciple of some other philosopher, without also being a blind and slavish adherent of his views, declaring with misplaced piety that he is right in everything he says, never in error, or that he has cornered the market on truth and is in no respect deficient or defective."

This statement is certainly crisp and explicit enough, but it is not likely to satisfy those who feel he has passed too lightly over the contributions of thinkers such as Kant or Hegel or Maimonides or Descartes or, more recently, Kierkegaard, Wittgenstein, Heidegger, Rousseau, and, most particularly, John Dewey.

The debate over Adler as an Aristotelian is not particularly pertinent or useful, any more than was the charge a quarter-century ago that he allowed the names of famous men long dead to dominate contemporary education, or that he has failed to pay adequate attention to non-Western thought. He has defined his own context and has lived within it. With Robert Hutchins, he held fast to the importance of the liberal arts at a time when functionalism and science threatened to bring about serious discontinuities in modern education.

Many years ago, Mortimer Adler advised people to write in the margins of book pages. He knew he was running directly counter to all the strictures of a proper literary upbringing, but he felt nonetheless that the place to record reactions is at the site of the stimulus. He said that the more worthy the book, the greater the reason for a reader to write in its margins. By this yardstick, *Philosopher at Large* should be one of the most marked-up books of the year. ◉

Try and Stop Him

At Random:
The Reminiscences of Bennett Cerf
Edited by Phyllis Cerf Wagner and Albert Erskine
Random House, 320 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by George Stevens

I OUGHT not to be reviewing this book. It should be reviewed by someone who did not know Bennett Cerf, preferably, also, by someone unfamiliar with the book publishing business and with no experience as or ambition to be an author. Such a reviewer would be able to estimate the interest the book might have for the general reader outside the publishing world.

Great Treasury of Western Thought

Mortimer J. Adler jocularly calls himself a "great bookie," in affectionate reference to his long love affair with the classics of Western thought. And no lover ever devoted more care and energy to his beloved than has Adler since he encountered the great books in an experimental course at Columbia in the 1920s. Smitten by the life-enriching power of great ideas and armed with brash innocence, the young philosopher then persuaded his friend, Robert M. Hutchins, the thirty-year-old president of the University of Chicago, to try remodeling the curriculum of higher education around the classics. To quiet their critics by converting them, Adler and Hutchins later launched a great books seminar for prominent Chicagoans—which gave birth to the national Great Books Foundation that still thrives under Adler's tutelage, as does its other eminent offspring, the Executive Seminar at the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies.

But Adler's greatest labor of love lay in the eight years (the most exhilarating of his life, he says) dedicated to editing the 54-volume *Great Books of the Western World* and devising its unique topical index, the *Syntopicon*, as an inducement to buyers to read the books and not merely to decorate with them. From this arose Adler's own Institute for Philosophical Research, where for 25 years he has directed studies of the great ideas contained in the *Syntopicon*.

Add to these achievements Adler's innovative planning of *Britannica 3*, with its monumental "Outline of Knowledge," and you have a singular career in American intellectual history. No American philosopher since John Dewey has so integrated philosophy and education, and no other has so promoted the education of adults.

Nor will the man rest. His latest aid to the cultivation of mind, *Great Treasury of Western Thought*, edited with Charles van Doren (R. R. Bowker, 2,000 pp., $29.95), is a splendid gathering of important statements from sources as diverse in time and temper as the Old Testament and Sartre, Homer and Einstein. This hefty compendium (intended as a concise *Great Books* collection) also possesses the analytical organization, explanatory texts, and exhaustive index that are Adler's intellectual trademark. Its entries (all complete thoughts rather than aphorisms, chronologically arranged under 127 headings and representing nearly twice as many authors as the larger set) can thus be sampled at random or read as collective essays. It is a reference work to make you wonder how you did without it. But more, it provides ready entry into the adventures, battles, and play of ideas, ancient and modern, with which Adler has lived with delight for over 50 years. —James Sloan Allen

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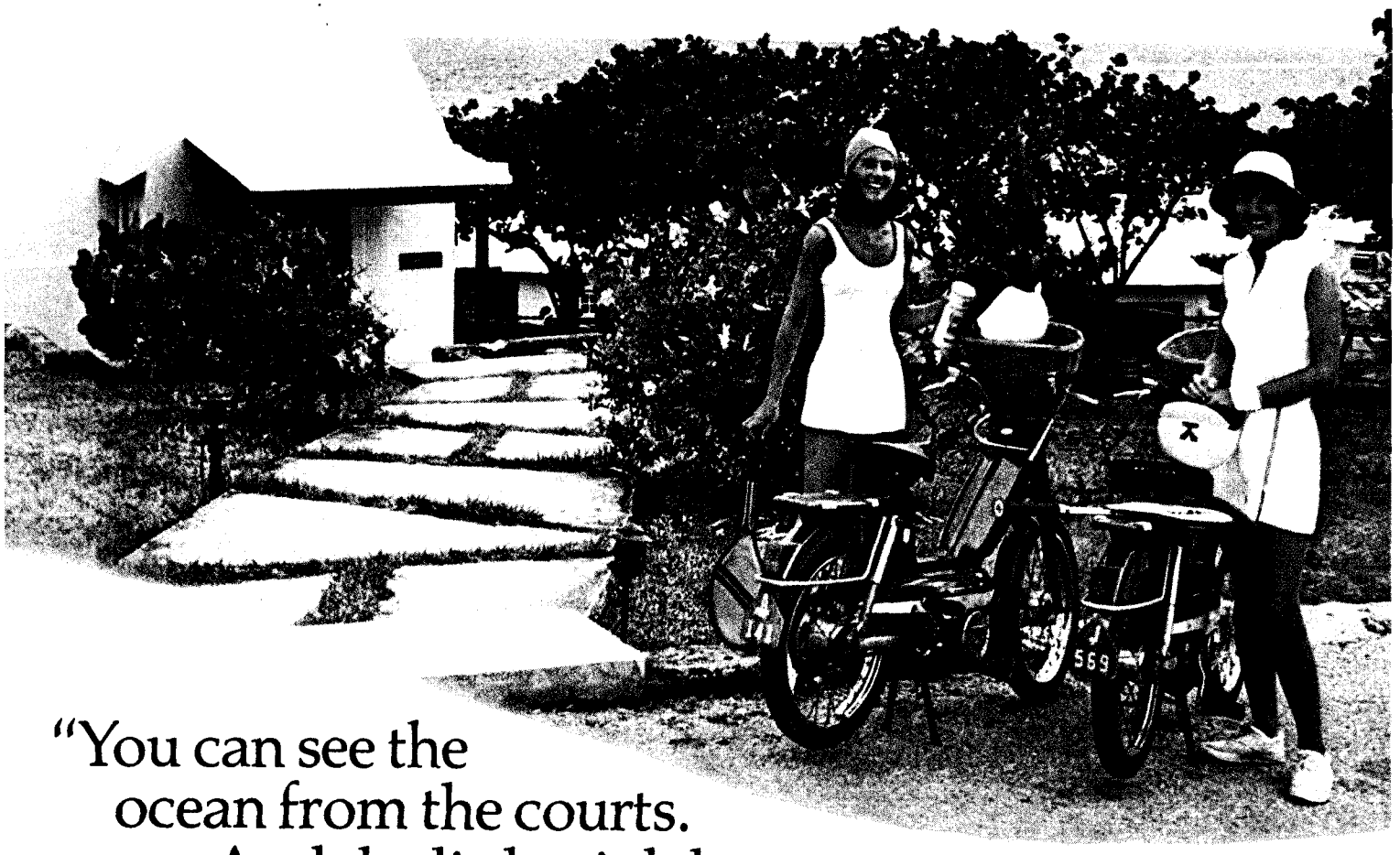

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Heidi Gage, on her first visit, and Bonnie Weyher, on her third, talk about Bermuda.

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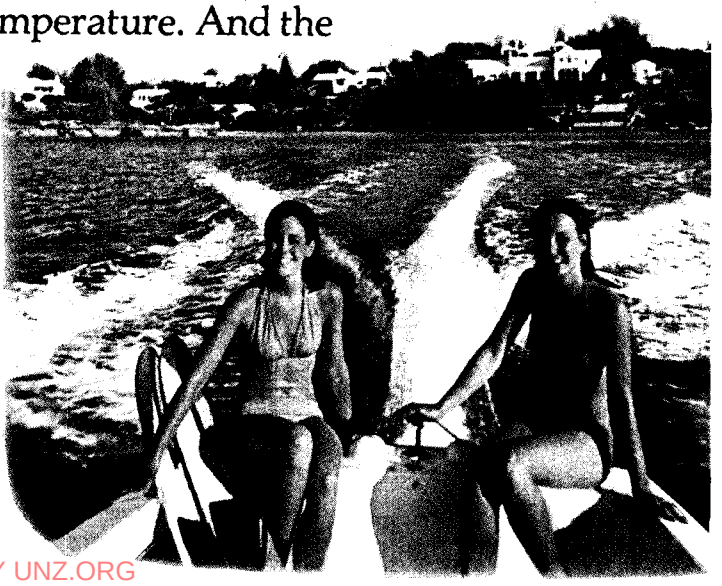

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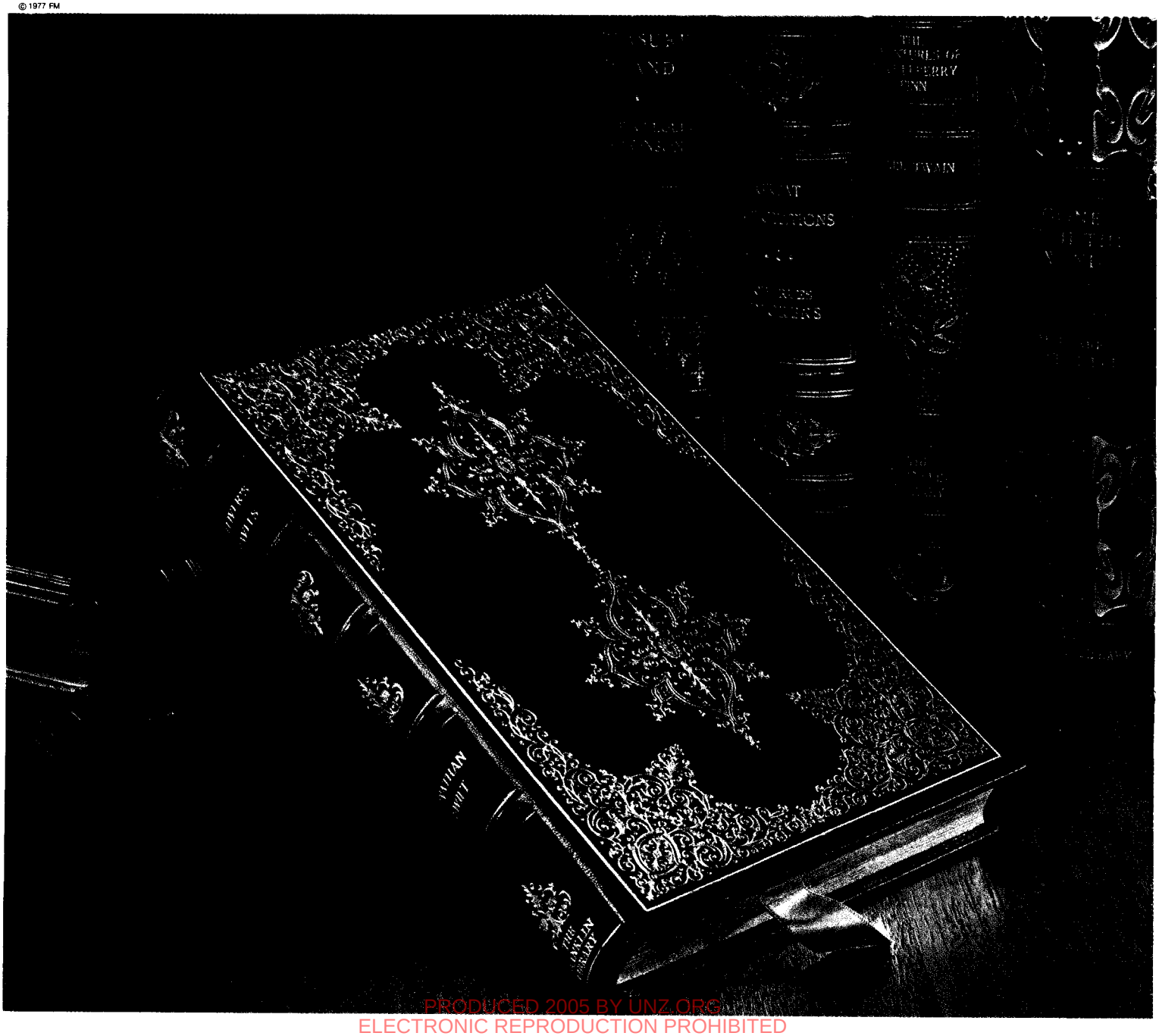

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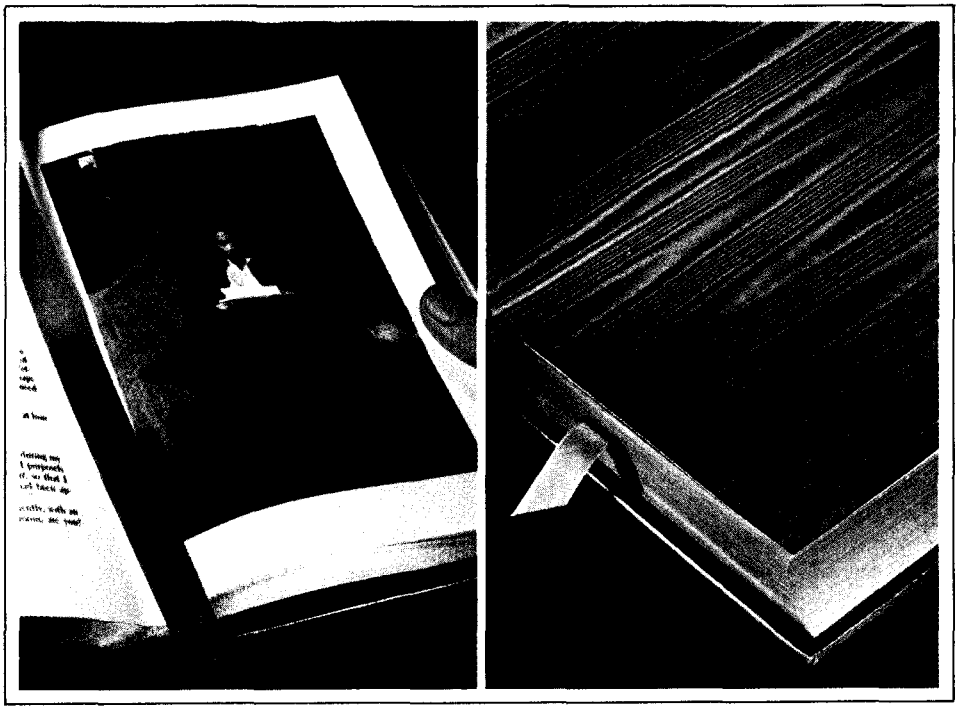

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Why then did I not disqualify myself? Because the assignment was irresistible.

I did know Bennett; not as a close friend, but we were on amicable terms for several decades when I was in the publishing business. Bennett mentioned me in "Trade Winds" once or twice during the 17 years he conducted that department in this magazine; on one occasion he kindly devoted the whole of "Trade Winds" to the publication of some doggerel of mine.

I liked and admired Bennett, so any prejudice I may have is in his favor. His reminiscences—which amount to an autobiography—tell the story of a successful and honorable book publisher. The book is based on 21 long interviews given in late 1967 and early 1968 to Mary R. Hawkins of the Columbia Oral History Program. She recorded and transcribed a series of questions and answers, with Cerf later making corrections and additions. This material, amounting to more than 1,000 pages of typescript, has been expertly edited by Phyllis Cerf Wagner and Albert Erskine, to make a book of reasonable length—perhaps, if anything, a bit on the short side: I read it at one sitting. The continuity is handled without a hitch, including a few insertions from Bennett's previous writings—notably his memorials to Horace Liveright, a founder of the publishing house that gave him his start, and George Gershwin.

Many others shared my liking and admiration for Bennett, among them, Bennett. There was not a naïve cell in his brain, but the relationship between his brain and his ego was—shall I say?—artless. This quality prevents his self-esteem from seeming boastful. Also, he seems to have liked almost everybody else. The only two people for whom he expresses active dislike are Theodore Dreiser and Carlotta O'Neill, Eugene O'Neill's fourth and last wife. His receptiveness to other people on their own terms was undoubtedly one of the reasons for his success.

His independent publishing career began when he and his lifelong partner, Donald Klopfer, bought the Modern Library from Horace Liveright and inaugurated Random House. The portrait Bennett draws of Liveright is the first, and one of the best, of many. Since there are scores of associates—publishing colleagues, authors, booksellers, and others among those presented—many receive only thumbnail sketches, but most of these are telling and memorable. Eugene O'Neill, Alfred Knopf, James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, Moss Hart, John O'Hara —I pick these names at random.

At Random is a book of anecdotes as well as a book of portrait sketches. One of the best stories is of how Random House engineered the importation of a copy of Joyce's *Ulysses* to ensure that this particular book would become the most important exhibit in the trial before Judge John Woolsey, who in a landmark decision ruled that the book is literature, not pornography.

Bennett goes into some detail concerning his relationship with Whittaker Chambers, whose book on the Alger Hiss case, *Witness*, he published—to the dismay of some of his friends. Later he writes admiringly of Ayn Rand, author of (among other novels) *Atlas Shrugged*—but "the critics were hostile," he says. Of these and a few others he writes defensively without allowing himself to be put on the defensive. Item: he mentions but does not indicate that he ever read his friend Alistair Cooke's book on the Hiss case, telling the story from Hiss's point of view.

Item: he says that O'Neill planned a seven-play series outlining the history of America, which was never written, but in the long section of Cerf's book about O'Neill he does not mention the three-play saga, *Mourning Becomes Electra.*

Item: of *Papa Hemingway*, by A. E. Hotchner, Cerf writes: "Mrs. Hemingway . . . was outraged and said that the story of her husband's life was her exclusive literary property, which was the most absurd claim in the world. She sued, and of course the suit was thrown out all the way up to the State Supreme Court." Well, that's one way of putting it—though not, as I recall, Mrs. Hemingway's. And in New York, what is meant by "all the way up to the State Supreme Court"?

Item: after signing up John O'Hara at lunch, Bennett said: " 'John, this is a great day in my life, because I think you're one of the great authors of America.' John said, 'One of the great authors? Who else?' I said, 'Well, Hemingway and Faulkner.' He said, 'Well, I'll buy Faulkner.' " But it was this same John O'Hara who later reviewed a Hemingway novel in *The New York Times Book Review* and called Hemingway the greatest writer since Shakespeare.

A brief review has not the space to do more than mention some of the other activities for which Bennett found time: besides "Trade Winds," he wrote two other magazine columns, "Try and Stop Me" and "Cerf Board," as well as several books, mostly of jokes and puns; and every Sunday night for many years he appeared on the television program *What's My Line?*

Bennett Cerf was well worth knowing. If you never knew him, you can make up for the loss by reading this book. ◉

George Stevens was managing editor of the Saturday Review of Literature *from 1933 to 1938 and editor from 1938 to 1940. He was with J. B. Lippincott Co. from 1940 to 1971, most of the time as head of the trade division.*

Theroux Country

The Consul's File
by Paul Theroux
Houghton Mifflin, 209 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Jonathan Yardley

It's Christmas in Malaysia: ". . . the decorations had a look of tropical exhaustion, shabby and temporary. The snowflakes had wilted, the holly had crinkled shut in the heat, and the mosquito coils that were burning in water-filled dishes around the room gave off a funereal aroma of incense."

That puts us squarely back in Theroux country: the Asian tropics, thick with heat and irony and incongruity, dense with vanity and odor and failure. The Malays are there, and the Chinese, and strange little semibarbarians who tiptoe out of the jungle and then flit back into it. So, too, are the British, the last human dregs of colonialism; and the Americans with their rustle of money and power and moral ambiguity; and the international adventurers and drifters who have long since forgotten where they came from or where they are.

Theroux was last in these parts in *Saint Jack*, a 1973 novel that remains his finest work of fiction, notwithstanding the more recent commercial success of *The Family Arsenal.* His new book, *The Consul's File*, is not a novel but a collection of interrelated stories (as Eudora Welty once said of her own *The Golden Apples*, "It takes the form of a novel without any of the responsibilities"), and as such, it is remarkably effective. Some of it, indeed, is as good as anything Theroux has written, and that is saying something.

The narrator of all the stories is a young American diplomat, a bachelor, who has been posted to the Malaysian town of Ayer Hitam. He has little official work to occupy him, so he spends his time observing the comings and goings of the town

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and preparing to write about them: "I felt a need to stake a claim, so I might carry a bit of that town away undistorted. In a different age I might have taken a Malay mistress, but in my restless mood—excited by what I saw and yet feeling a little like a souvenir hunter—I decided to write."

The town reveals itself gradually in story after story, as Theroux peels away layer after layer. Ayer Hitam, like all of Theroux's Malaysia as depicted in this book and in *Saint Jack*, is a hotbed of interracial tangles in which sides are forever changing and boundaries are seldom clear. In "The Flower of Malaya," for example, an American woman becomes infatuated with a Malay youth: "A hopeless liaison: he wanted to be American, she aimed at being Malay—the racial somersault often mistaken for tolerance." And it ends badly, as all such matters do in Theroux's fiction:

> Overnight, she acquired the affectations of a memsahib; a bit sharp with the waiters and bell-boys, a common parody of hauteur in her commands, that odd exaggerated play-actor's laugh, and a posture I associate with a woman who is used to being waited on—a straight-backed rigidity with formal, irritated hand signals to the staff, as if her great behind was cemented to a plinth. . . . A month before she had been sidling up to a Malay and probably planning to take out citizenship; now she was in a high-backed Malacca chair under a fan calling out, "Boy!"

In almost every story, this unpassable distance between the races and nationalities is the central concern. In "Reggie Woo," a Chinese youth makes a pathetic effort to become English, but he fails and in the end is playing Mah-Jongg in his father's coffee shop. The consul leaves him to his fellow Chinese "with that sinking feeling you get at a national boundary or an unguarded frontier." But Theroux is concerned with other themes and images as well. Always lurking in the background are the threats of random, inexplicable violence, of raging illness and hallucinations, of the fevered tropical mysteries:

> There followed a period of dateless time, the hiatus of the delayed monsoon, hot and lacking any event; only the whine of the locusts, the occasional roar of a timber truck, the sound of the thick breeze rattling the palms, the accumulation of dust on the verandah that was more like sand or silt, bulking

---

Jonathan Yardley, book editor of the Miami Herald, *is the author of* Ring: A Biography of Ring Lardner.

EXPLORE YOUR MIND IN THE NEW *SATURDAY REVIEW* REPORT

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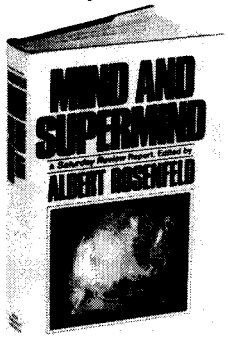

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against my house. Silence and the meaningless chirp of birds, the scraw of lizards behind the pictures on the wall.

Like that other prodigiously gifted and facile writer John Updike, Theroux at times lets his prose get away from him, but such lapses are a lot rarer in *The Consul's File* than they were in *The Family Arsenal*. There are dangers, too, in bringing together interrelated stories originally published in different magazines, inconsistency chief among them. On page four Theroux tells us, "The town was some shops, the Club, the mission, the dispensary, the Methodist school, my consulate"; and on page seven he writes, "A road, some gum trees, a row of shop-houses, three parked cars: Ayer Hitam was that small. . . ."

But that's a niggling complaint. *The Consul's File* is first-rate Theroux: funny, knowing, ironic, oddly compassionate. It further embellishes his deservedly high reputation. ◉

Books in Brief

Justice Crucified:
The Story of Sacco and Vanzetti
by Roberta Strauss Feuerlicht
McGraw-Hill, 480 pp., $15

The Never-Ending Wrong
by Katherine Anne Porter
Atlantic-Little, Brown, 63 pp., $5.95

Even routine discussions of Sacco and Vanzetti deserve attention, for their tragedy is of rare importance in the international struggle for human rights. The recent declaration of a Sacco and Vanzetti Memorial Day by Governor Michael S. Dukakis of Massachusetts to remove "any stigma and disgrace" from the names of the two men coincides with the publication of two books that mark the fiftieth year since the Italian immigrants were refused a retrial and electrocuted for murders they most likely did not commit. Each makes a persuasive, significant, and very different contribution to the Sacco and Vanzetti legacy.

Roberta Strauss Feuerlicht writes an acute appreciation of the sensibilities and world view of unwanted immigrants and political outsiders. She sets the injustice done to Sacco and Vanzetti firmly in the Massachusetts of 1927, within the long, scarred American tradition of racial hate and fear of the foreign-born, a tradition implanted by the Puritans and carried on by their heirs up through the great migrations of the nineteenth century and the terrors of the Palmer raids of 1920. She argues her thesis that both men were innocent with hard logic and an alert reading of the trial transcripts. Her writing is forceful and her wit, acid. The trial, the appeals, and the last days advance with mounting dramatic tension. Foremost among the new sources are many of Vanzetti's Italian letters, printed here in English for the first time.

The young Katherine Anne Porter worked for one of the defense committees in the final, distraught stage of the appeals process, marched in picket lines, and was jailed. She now publishes a brief memoir rescued from her neglected notes of the time. Not always coherent, random and shifting as memory itself, it gains power and reveals some indelible pictures: of Luigia Vanzetti looking with horror into the faces in the crowd raging at a rally for her doomed brother; of the midnight vigil outside Charlestown prison, where the men were being put to death; of a "party" afterward, wakelike, desperate, and charged with guilt and anger.

—JOHN FLUDAS

Players
by Don DeLillo
Knopf, 224 pp., $7.95

Players is a fascinating little subtracting machine, a precision calculator of spiritual entropy. Like Renata Adler's *Speedboat*, DeLillo's novel is a New York book—sets by *The New Yorker*, people by Barthelme, fears by the *Daily News*. Stockbroker Lyle and grief therapist Pammy, both in their early thirties, play at being married the way pensioners play at poker without stakes. They breathe in boredom and exhale anxiety. He memorizes recorded comedy routines and she buys fruit as a gesture of "moral excellence." When Lyle drifts into a terrorist group that wants to blow up the stock exchange and Pammy goes to Maine with a gay couple, the ante is raised, but these new games also dissolve and fold into loss.

What makes this familiar material fascinating is DeLillo's dual perspective: he is a sensor inside the characters and a distant scientist converting signals into information. While Lyle and Pammy process (and reduce) a world they're trying to enlarge with adventure, DeLillo decodes both actions. The prose knows how experience turns into abstraction and how people become channels, how plot fades to probabilities and place empties into space, how little becomes less. DeLillo isn't writing sociology or satire, but the equations for what one character calls "the sensual pleasures of banality." His is no easy investigation, yet *Players* is both original and final, a new formula for the familiar.

—THOMAS LECLAIR

White Book
by Pavel Kohout
Translated from the German by Alex Page
George Braziller, 215 pp., $8.95

Though cast in the form of futurist fantasy, this brilliant satire on political topsy-turvydom zeroes in on Czechoslovakia today.

One morning, Adam Juracek, a professor in the resort town of "K.," walks on the ceiling of his bedroom, thus by sheer willpower invalidating the law of gravity. His repetition of this cataclysmic feat in a crowded ballroom creates delight among the young, consternation among bureaucrats (academics included), and panic in the government, which declares a national emergency. Juracek is imprisoned, tried, and sent to a mental institution for treatment. Relays of psychiatrists fail to uncover the source of his antigravitational powers but do succeed in reducing him to a state of "truly exemplary apathy," and when he is released from their clutches years later, he can remember nothing but his identification number.

Pavel Kohout, a Czech playwright and novelist unpublished in his homeland, tells us these events were "reconstructed" in the twenty-first century, some 50 years after they occurred. At bottom his story is about the insanities, at once frightening and comic, that afflict a society premised on the assumption that truth is the servant of politics. He dramatizes them here with a dazzling combination of intellectual rigor and comic inventiveness, explicitly invoking Galileo and the religious martyr Jan Hus, implicitly invoking Kafka, Alexander Dubček, and all that we've learned to associate with the "merciless, uniform footsteps of hobnailed boots."

It's a major literary comment on the present Czech government in particular and on socialist irrationalism in general, too dense with allusions and ironies for easy reading, but richly worthwhile.

—PETER GARDNER

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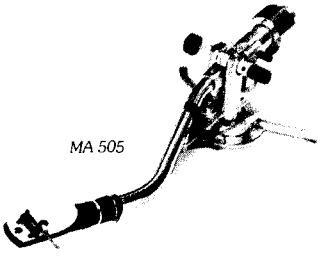

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Olla Podrida

The phrase above is explained in the forthcoming *Morris Dictionary of Word and Phrase Origins* as "a kind of Spanish stew . . ." and it is "also used as a synonym for hodgepodge or mishmash." And so we go: cut for reasons of space a few columns back was a quotation from Otto L. Bettmann's *A Word from the Wise*: "I do not like to write, but I like to have written." He attributes this to Gloria Steinem. *Every* writer has said this! Why, I've even said it myself. Same book attributes "The art of writing is the art of applying the seat of the pants to the seat of the chair" to a "Vorse M. Heaton." I've heard that line hundreds of times, but never from any Vorse M. Heaton. Could he mean the late Mary Heaton Vorse?

The Overrated and Underrated writers department is still drawing mail: three overheated communications ("deeply shocked by your judgment, and my misjudgment of you") from Marian Koodlach of Palm Desert, California, excoriating me for daring to say a word against St. Anaïs; a couple of warm defenses of Tolkien, including a long letter from Micki McClelland of Houston, who has reread *Lord of the Rings* once a year since 1968 ("universal appeal from a scribe whose language is clear and classic"). And from Charles Stats of Oak Park, Illinois, a plea for more readers to notice Austin Tappan Wright's utopian novel, *Islandia*, published in 1942. Over the years I've noticed that this novel appears, along with Marcus Goodrich's *Delilah*, on all lists of underrated books.

Speaking of overrated writers, I see that J. P. Donleavy is alliterating all over the place again with a new novel, *The Destinies of Darcy Dancer, Gentleman*. Somebody should tell J.P. that overalliteration went out with Swinburne.

Peter, Principal

The trick has always been to write as easily as you talk. Peter Ustinov does just that, and he's the grandest monopolistic talker I've ever stood in a circle around, spellbound. Now here's his autobiography, *Dear Me* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, September 19, $9.95), and it's one of those books you hate to get up from and can't wait to get back down to. He was born in London of thoroughly Russian parents and went on the stage as a tyke. Thence to writing plays, novels, and screenplays, and to a stunningly varied acting career. There's an underlying vein of seriousness to the book, but it doesn't get in the way of the humor. How his prose flows! On rowing in college:

> I was made to row. This seemed to me a monotonous and draughty pursuit, and somehow wasteful to make all that effort in order to be going in the wrong direction. It is, in any case, never very reassuring for a young person of my weight to be seated in a boat seemingly made of cigar wrappers, and to be overlapping its sides.

On a headmaster who sang to himself:

> What he sang was not so much recognizable tunes, as a kind of personal parlando set to melodies very much his own, reminiscent of Schönberg by negligence rather than design. . . .

He says: "I do not believe that friends are necessarily the people you like best, they are merely the people who got there first. . . . You are stuck with most of them for life . . . often with people who are entirely reprehensible, unreliable, and even spiteful."

Here's a lovely picture of his first stage appearance:

> I can still remember my feelings of controlled panic . . . the hiss of the rising curtain, the sudden blinding light isolating us on the stage, and the vague outline of heads, like cobblestones on a wet night.

How often do you laugh out loud reading? Seldom for me, but I did with Ustinov's book, with his ludicrous adventures on maneuvers with the British Army, or his nutsy relationship with the Hungarian director Michael Curtiz. Why, he asks himself (he talks to himself in italics throughout), an autobiography at such an early age—in his fifties—and reports his son as explaining:

> Later on you would begin to remember everything and would run the risk of being a crashing bore because of a dotard's inability to be selective. The time to write memoirs is when total recall has not yet invaded the cavities of the mind left empty by the inaction of retirement.

If you believe in light reading for summer, this is for you. ◉

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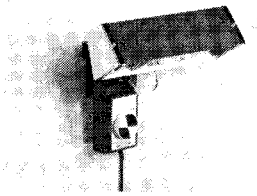

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Lenore Marshall Poetry Prize

"THE NAMES OF THE LOST" by Philip Levine

THIS year's Lenore Marshall Poetry Prize judges considered volumes by more than 80 strong contenders—among them James Merrill, Muriel Rukeyser, W. H. Auden, Wendell Berry, Elizabeth Bishop, Philip Booth, Robert Lowell, James Tate, David Wagoner, and Richard Wilbur. In the end the prize went to Philip Levine for his collection *The Names of the Lost* (Atheneum, 1976), the seventh in a series of volumes that since 1963 have won him a fervent, rapidly growing following.

Philip Levine's poems celebrate a certain kind of humanity. The "lost" in *The Names of the Lost* are people who flourished unnoted in their time and who are now waiting to be called up in memory. They loom close in these poems, brought near through the artful telescoping of events. Levine's poems, formally independent of each other, coalesce into a single recollection: one memory stirs, and the rest all ripple together. The elements that make up these vignettes are so charged with emotion that they cannot be easily forgotten, yet they are so much associated with hurtful loss that they cannot be recalled in any sustained, concerted way—only in fits and starts.

Above all, Philip Levine's lines bring a warning: that which now seems fleeting and transient may come back into your consciousness later, with all the mass and velocity of a reentering space vehicle. These are poems that make you recall times long past and make you ask, "Where was I then? What were the distractions that kept me from knowing at the time what it has taken time (and Philip Levine) to reveal to me?"

It is a pleasure to welcome a book like this. As the selections that follow will prove, Philip Levine's poems give life back to us—and give onward:

When you grip
my arm hard and lean way out
and shout out the holy names
of the lost neither of us is scared
and our tears mean nothing.

—William Stafford

YOU

THE moon gone dark
in the smoke of the rolling mills,
the switch engines quiet
in the iron sheds.
On our last break we smoked
in silence, the night cool at last
in its last hour.
When your head dropped to your chest
I parted your fingers
and drew the cigarette out
and smoked it.

A thousand years away
our father lay down
in the hymning shade of the olives
and dreamed of that road
twisting back,
and he wakened in the world.

A box car rasped.
I blinked the poor light
of another day, all around me
the houses had started.
In bare kitchens
men bowed
to coffee and cold porridge.
You were gone, brother,
the face I never saw in darkness
gone, the cigarette gone,
and I haven't touched you since.

THE SECRET OF THEIR VOICES

WHEN they wakened
in the gray
of just after dawn
and knew the birds
were gone and saw
the diesel fumes
gathering above the trees
and felt the cold anger
of machines that have to eat,
did they come hand
in hand through
the bare wood halls
to sway above my bed
and call me back
to the small damp body
curled in dream.

He pulled the long socks
up and eased his feet
into the narrow shoes,
tied the laces, and stood
staring down the hard creases.
Roses are blooming
in Picardeee, she sang,
and looked sideways
at herself in the mirror
drawing her cheeks in.
But there's only one
rose for me, and stood
smoothing the wrinkles
from waist to knee.
If they left,
whose hand cupped
my forehead when I lay
in fever? Who moaned,
help me, help me?
Who lay full length
beside me, belted and all,
and let his tears
pour over my hands?
Who huddled beside me
whispering like a sleepwalker
in the wet grove
north of Anniston?
Tell me! Tell me! Tell me!
I might have helped.

From *Names of the Lost*, by Philip Levine. Copyright © 1976 by Philip Levine. Reprinted by permission of Atheneum Publishers.

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NEW SEASON

My son and I go walking in the garden.
It is April 12, Friday, 1974.
Teddy points to the slender trunk
of the plum and recalls the digging
last fall through three feet
of hard pan and opens his palms
in the brute light of noon, the heels
glazed with callus, the long fingers
thicker than mine and studded with
silver rings. My mother is 70 today.
He flicks two snails off a leaf
and smashes them underfoot
on the red brick path. Saturday,
my wife stood here, her cheek cut
by a scar of dirt, dirt on her bare
shoulders, on the brown belly,
damp and sour in the creases
of her elbows. She held up a parsnip
squat, misshapen, a tooth pulled
from the earth, and laughed
her great white laugh. Teddy talks
of the wars of the young, Larry V.
and Ricky's brother in the movies,
on Belmont, at McDonald's,
ready to fight for nothing, hard,
redded or on air, "low riders,
grease, what'd you say about my mama!"
Home late, one in the back seat,
his fingers broken, eyes welling
with pain, the eyes and jawbones
swollen and rough. 70 today, the woman
who took my hand and walked me
past the corridor of willows
to the dark pond where the one swan
drifted. I start to tell him
and stop, the story of my 15th spring.
That a sailor had thrown a black baby
off the Belle Isle Bridge was
the first lie we heard, and the city
was at war for real. We would waken
the next morning to find Sherman tanks
at the curb and soldiers camped
on the lawns. Damato said he was
"goin downtown bury a hatchet
in a nigger's head." Women
took coffee and milk to the soldiers
and it was one long block party
till the trucks and tanks loaded up
and stumbled off. No one saw
Damato for a week, and when I did
he was slow, head down, his right arm
blooming in a great white bandage.
He said nothing. On mornings I rise
early, I watch my son in the bathroom,
shirtless, thick-armed and hard,
working with brush and comb
at his full blond head that suddenly
curled like mine and won't
come straight. 7 years passed
before Della Daubien told me
how three white girls from the shop
sat on her on the Woodward Streetcar
so the gangs couldn't find her
and pull her off like they did
the black janitor and beat
an eye blind. She would never
forget, she said, and her old face
glows before me in shame
and terror. Tonight, after dinner,
after the long, halting call
to my mother, I'll come out here
to the yard rinsed in moonlight
that blurs it all. She will not
become the small openings
in my brain again through which the wind
rages, though she was the ocean
that ebbed in my blood, the storm clouds
that battered my lungs, though I hide
in the crotch of the orange tree
and weep where the future grows
like a scar, she will not come again
in the brilliant day. My cat Nellie,
15 now, follows me, safe
in the dark from mockingbird
and jay, her fur frost tipped
in the pure air, and together we hear
the wounding of the rose, the willow
on fire—to the dark pond
where the one swan drifted, the woman
is 70 now—the willow is burning,
the rhododendrons shrivel
like paper under water, all
the small secret mouths are feeding
on the green heart of the plum.

ON THE BIRTH OF GOOD & EVIL DURING THE LONG WINTER OF '28

When the streetcar stalled on Joy Road,
the conductor finished his coffee, puffed
into his overcoat, and went to phone in.
The Hungarian punch-press operator wakened
alone, 7000 miles from home, pulled down
his orange cap and set out. If he saw
the winter birds scuffling in the cinders,
if he felt this was the dawn of a new day,
he didn't let on. Where the sidewalks
were unshovelled, he stamped on, raising
his galoshes a little higher with each step.
I came as close as I dared and could hear
only the little gasps as the cold entered
the stained refectory of the breath.
I could see by the way the blue tears squeezed
from the dark of the eyes, by the way
his moustache first dampened and then froze,
that as he turned down Dexter Boulevard,
he considered the hosts of the dead,
and nearest among them, his mother-in-law,
who darkened his table for twenty-seven years
and bruised his wakings. He considered how
before she went off in the winter of '27
she had knitted this cap, knitted so slowly
that Christmas came and went, and now he could
forgive her at last for the twin wool lappets
that closed perfectly on a tiny metal snap
beneath the chin and for making all of it orange. ◉

The Lenore Marshall Poetry Prize, given annually to "the outstanding book of poems published in the United States," is cosponsored by *Saturday Review* and the New Hope Foundation. The $5,000 prizewinner for 1976 was selected by William Stafford, Charles Wright, and Carolyn Kizer—all poets in their own right. Previous winners have been Denise Levertov for *The Freeing of the Dust* (1975) and Cid Corman for $\frac{O}{I}$ (1974).

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Science Letter

"Learning" to Give Up

by Albert Rosenfeld

WE ALL have an intuitive knowledge—supported by personal experience and common sense, reinforced by religious beliefs and folk wisdom—that our attitudes toward life are of critical importance to our enjoyment of it. Whether we overcome our problems or not (or in some crisis situations, whether we even survive or not) may depend on whether or not we have hope, whether we give up or keep on trying.

Over the past few decades, biologists and psychologists have been carrying out some fascinating research that reconfirms how powerfully our mental outlook can affect the outcome of our life situations.

You can, for example, do a simple experiment (as Dr. Curt Richter of Johns Hopkins has done repeatedly) with two rats: hold one rat in your hand firmly so that no matter how valiantly he struggles he cannot escape. He will finally give up. Now throw that quiescent rat into a tank of warm water. He will sink, not swim. He has "learned" that there is nothing he can do, that there is no point in struggling. Now throw another rat into the water—one that doesn't "know" that his situation is hopeless and that he is therefore helpless. This rat will swim to safety.

Another experiment (done by Dr. Martin E.P. Seligman of the University of Pennsylvania), this time with dogs: suspend a dog in a hammock into which he fits so snugly that he cannot get loose. Give him electric shocks. He will struggle for a while, then just lie there and submit. Later, take the same dog and put him down on one side of a grid that is only half electrified. Though he is perfectly free to get up and move to the unelectrified side, he will sit where he is, enduring the shock, resigned to his fate. Put another dog down in the same spot—a dog that hasn't been taught to be helpless—and he'll move around until he finds an area that doesn't shock him.

Okay. Fine for rats and dogs. But what about people?

Seligman has been one of the pioneering investigators of the ways in which people's perceptions of themselves as being helpless can in fact render them helpless. His seminal book, *Helplessness: On Depression, Development and Death,* has influenced many other psychologists to pursue this fruitful area of research. Here is a sample Seligman experiment:

Take two groups of college students and put them in rooms where they are blasted with noise turned up to almost intolerable levels. In one room there is a button that turns off the noise. The students quickly notice it, push it, and are rewarded with blissful silence. In the other room, however, there is no turn-off button. The students look for one, find nothing, and finally give up. There is no way to escape the noise (except to leave the room before a previously agreed-upon time period has elapsed), so they simply endure.

Later, the same two groups are put in two other rooms. This time, *both* rooms contain a switch-off mechanism—though not a simple button this time and not as easy to find. Nevertheless, the group that found the button the first time succeeds in finding the "off" switch the second time, too. But the second group, already schooled in the hopelessness of their circumstances, doesn't even search. Its members just sit it out again.

There is an obvious parallel here. In each of the three cases—rats, dogs, and students—the situation had changed decisively, but because their efforts for alleviation didn't work in the first instance, the "helpless" subjects didn't even try the second time.

Yes, you may say, but the students knew that at a given point the experiment would be over and the noise would stop. Otherwise they would have been more highly motivated to keep on looking. Besides, in the first instance, no matter how motivated they may have been, no matter how hard they may have tried, there simply *was* no way to turn off the noise. Their efforts would have been futile. Aren't many life situations like that—no matter how hard you try, you're doomed to lose?

True enough. In at least one of Richter's

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rat experiments, for example, he wanted to know how long a rat would keep swimming to try to save itself. The rat swam for 60 hours before it drowned. Were some other rat intelligent and articulate, it might observe this and say: See, what was the point? All that effort for nothing. Wasn't that a foolish rat, to try so hard?

No one suggests there is a guarantee that you'll win if you try. But most of the rats in these experiments did, after all, swim to safety. And even in this one instance, the experimenter might have changed his mind in the interim or been influenced by some outside event to stop the experiment. In most human life situations, the outcome is not rigidly preordained. Many studies in clinical medicine, psychology, and anthropology indicate that seriously ill patients who have hope are more likely to survive than those who don't, that those who are highly motivated tend to last longer—and are happier in the knowledge that they are putting up a fight.

SOME population groups are more susceptible to feelings of helplessness than are others: the elderly, for instance; and, as one might suspect, blacks; and women of any color.

In a series of classroom experiments, Dr. Carol Dweck of the University of Illinois found that when girls fail in school, they tend to blame the failure on their inability to master the subject matter. But boys ascribe failure to not trying hard enough. Because girls are considered to be neater, better-behaved, and harder-working, teachers assume that they are already doing the best they can. Because boys are considered to be sloppier and less diligent by nature, teachers tend to tell them, "You can do better. You're just not trying hard enough." The boys believe it. They do try harder, and do better. Thus, for paradoxical reasons, girls are inadvertently programmed to feel more helpless about improving their situations.

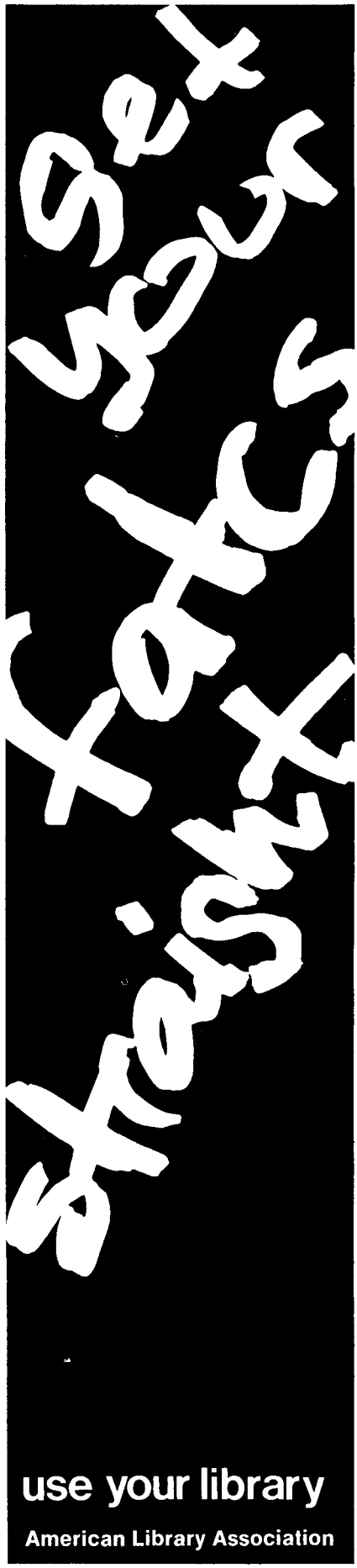
Consider another series of classroom experiments being carried out by Dr. Rita Smith, a former student of Seligman's who is now in the African studies program at Temple University in Philadelphia. She has been comparing the helplessness quotients of black and white children. Though the research is incomplete and the results not yet published, it is already quite apparent to Smith that black children, especially those from poor families, give up much more easily than do white children of similar economic status. If you give the two groups a problem that has no solution (as in the case of Seligman's college students in the room with no turn-off button), the black pupils not only quit trying sooner but when given a solvable problem next, they are more likely to be convinced a priori that it can't be done—at least not by them. The white kids tend to stay with the problem longer, and they don't assume they can't solve one problem because they failed to solve the other.

Smith attributes these results to the *experience* of black children in a world that does not respond very reliably to their attempts to exercise more control over their lives. The giving-up attitude becomes even more pronounced in the tenth grade than it was in the second grade (the two age groups Smith has been working with). By then, the kids have had eight more years of experience to reconfirm the apparent uselessness of trying.

Whether you look at rats, dogs, or people, it's now abundantly clear that those who try harder do better. Intelligent organisms, says Seligman, automatically know how to help themselves: they keep trying; they have hope. Nor does this healthy tendency have to be learned. In fact, it is so built-in, says Seligman, that even special training doesn't enhance it. But *helplessness*, he is convinced, *must be taught*. Most of us, to one extent or another, are guilty of teaching others helplessness and of permitting ourselves to learn it.

SCIENCE has many uses. Experiments such as those described may not provide us with any technological breakthroughs. They do not "conquer" any diseases. But they do give us scientific validation of, and therefore greater confidence in, the value of traditional virtues such as perseverance and hope—which, in these times, is no small service.

Thus through research are our homely truisms doubly confirmed: hope is healthier than despair, perseverance is more sensible than giving up, and helplessness can be self-imposed and therefore self-defeating. The same can be true even in the affairs of nations. One wonders how guilty of defeatism we all, including our statesmen, may be, when we keep saying, There always have been wars, and there always will be wars; people are no damned good, and you can't change human nature; and so on. Whatever the case in point, the fact that "it didn't work last time" has nothing to do with next time. Next time we may swim to safety. Next time we may find a spot on the grid that doesn't give us a shock. Next time the room may have a turn-off switch. ◉



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Ehrlichman's Novel Comes to TV

by Karl E. Meyer

I'm wary of superlatives, suspicious of networks, and have no love for John Ehrlichman. But if I had a silk hat, I'd doff it to ABC for translating Ehrlichman's novel, *The Company*, into a 12-hour movie to be broadcast on six successive nights, September 6–11, from 9:00 P.M. to 11:00 P.M. (EDT). Make a note of the dates because the film is sure to disrupt dinner parties as millions of viewers get a prime time education in political hardball as played by the White House, the CIA, and the FBI.

In the flood of words unloosed by Watergate, the most interesting question is often ignored. We have by now a fairly accurate notion of what happened, but the *why* persists as a riddle. The merit of Ehrlichman's novel, and of the film it has inspired, is that it offers a plausible key to the motives that unify and explain an otherwise mystifying mélange of break-ins, buggings, and bribes.

The title, *The Company*, defines Ehrlichman's thesis. The in-house phrase for the Central Intelligence Agency, it suggests the hermetic world of a powerful, largely unaccountable entity that has become a state within a state. Always, the interests of the Company come first, and in this respect the CIA is no different from the White House or the FBI.

Politics, as seen by Ehrlichman, is the collision of rival bureaucracies, each with its feudal overlord, its secret files, and its legacy of grudges. There are no heroes in Ehrlichman's pages, only victims and villains inhabiting a moral void. In spirit, *The Company* is closer to Machiavelli's *The Prince* than it is to the potboilers of Allen Drury. A unique document, written by an insider, it is in my opinion the single most revealing book about Watergate.

(Parenthetically, I was surprised by the deftness of Ehrlichman's pen—so convincing is his Oval Office dialogue that much of it has been used verbatim in the ABC dramatization. Where Ehrlichman falters, dismally, is in the bedroom: his lovers converse in Basic Drury.)

Such is the extraordinary property that ABC has acquired, reportedly for a less-than-astronomical sum. Ehrlichman had no part in the dramatization, which he will be seeing for the first time in a federal prison.

The new title bestowed by ABC is *Washington: Behind Closed Doors*—surely an uninspired substitution. But title aside, the film version does justice to the book, if the opening installment that I saw provides an accurate sample. Cast,

Robertson and Robards—"Victims and villains inhabiting a moral void."

script, and production are impressive, and the story moves as swiftly as a Washington-bound Metroliner. As in the novel, fiction rests on an armature of fact: the real-life counterparts of the main figures are readily identifiable. Monckton is Nixon, Curry is Kennedy, and Anderson is Johnson—disguises about as subtle as the red wig Howard Hunt once borrowed from the CIA.

The first episode ends with a memorable line spoken by President-elect Richard Monckton, who is graceless in victory on election night. He confides to a Haldeman-like aide, "Let's figure out which of Curry's Ivy League faggots we can throw out on their ass—now!" (Expletives from the novel are otherwise deleted, but this salty line got by the censors and is crucial in defining the tone behind closed doors.)

Monckton is brilliantly played by Jason Robards, previously seen on the other side of the political fence as the editor of *The Washington Post* in *All the President's Men*. With ecumenical skill, Robards catches all the oddities of our oddest Chief Executive—the light-switch smile, the morose self-pity, and the sudden, jerky arm movements. Curry (i.e., Kennedy) is already dead when the story begins, his successor being Esker Scott Anderson, who, like Lyndon Johnson, has withdrawn from the presidential race after a New Hampshire primary. LBJ's mannerisms are mimed with equal accuracy by Andy Griffith, an inspired casting choice.

The third man in the plot is CIA director William Martin (Cliff Robertson), who is modeled in part on Richard Helms. Martin is high on the hit list of Ivy League faggots that President-elect Monckton is determined to purge from Washington. As CIA director, Martin is custodian of a devastating secret report implicating himself and the agency in the murder of foreign leaders. Both to save his career and to protect the CIA, Martin forms a covert alliance with Carl Tessler (Harold Gould), the Kissinger character, who is appointed head of the National Security Council. Pitted against the CIA is the director of the FBI, Elmer Morse (Thayer David), who is the very image of J. Edgar Hoover.

The conflict between these men forms the stuff of Ehrlichman's novel, and the story is faithfully replicated on television. There are cosmetic changes: Tessler, for example, is an Austrian-born Harvard professor in *The Company*; on television, he has been given a new birthplace—safely neutral Switzerland—and comes to Washington from a fictitious California think tank.

More substantially, a dozen new subplots have been inserted in order to fill 12 hours of air time, and these additions cause me some worry. In the first episode, we encounter a cherub-faced Monckton volunteer, Adam Gardiner (Tony Bill), who works for the equivalent of CREEP under Myron Dunn (John Houseman).

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My early-warning systems flashed red when Adam surfaced on the screen: he seemed to be a gratuitous sop to network pressure to include a sympathetic good guy for the corn belt vote.

David Rintels, who coauthored the script with Eric Bercovici, assures me that such is not the case. The test will be in the viewing. When it comes to the networks, I am as paranoid as any character in *The Company*.

Washington: Behind Closed Doors will, I am certain, be as controversial as *Roots* and may rival that ABC series in the ratings. Many Americans may be repelled by what they see and question whether any useful purpose is served by rewashing dirty linen. The classic answer has been given by Lord Acton, who too often is remembered only for a single famous line.

Acton was a Catholic and a believer in historical truth. His celebrated sentence was prompted by a five-volume history of the papacy that Acton felt was too lenient in its treatment of errant popes. In 1887, he sent the author (Mandell Creighton) a letter in which he had written:

I cannot accept your canon that we are to judge Pope and King unlike other men, with a favourable presumption that they did no wrong. If there is any presumption it is the other way against holders of power, increasing as the power increases. Historic responsibility has to make up for the want of legal responsibility. Power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely. Great men are almost always bad men, even when they exercise influence and not authority. . . . There is no worse heresy than that the office sanctifies the holder of it.

Ehrlichman's novel and the television drama based upon it are extended glosses of this Actonian precept. I believe that together they serve the national interest, in every sense, by compelling us to face the realities of power, even in the guise of fiction. By writing *The Company*, Ehrlichman has to an extent redeemed himself; by filming it, ABC is to an extent redeeming commercial television.

Indeed, the quality of *Washington: Behind Closed Doors* confirms what the severest critics of television have been saying—the talent for turning out first class programs exists. The resources are available for improving programming quality; what has been lacking is network imagination, will, and courage. How ironic that John Ehrlichman should point the way to improving the program content of a national medium so detested by Richard M. Nixon! ◉

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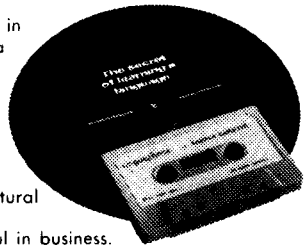

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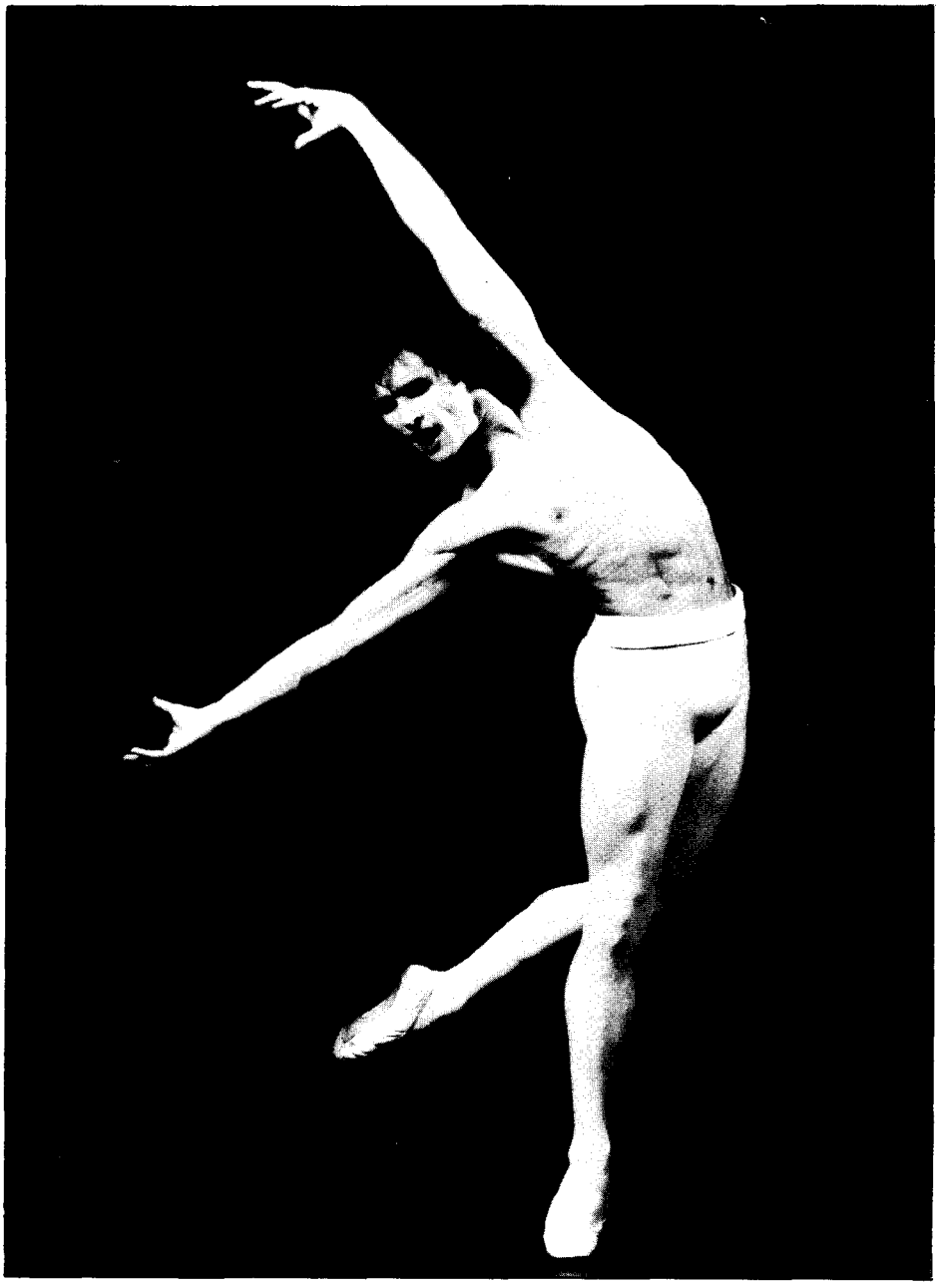
Dance

Making It to Ballet's "Big Time"



Peter Schaufuss—"Boyish ardor and youthful emotional vulnerability."

by Walter Terry

THE applause at the Metropolitan Opera House was thunderous. If you didn't know who had just performed, you might have assumed the crowd was applauding Baryshnikov, maybe Nureyev. But the audience's ardor, this time, was not for a Russian. There on the stage stood a sturdy Scandinavian with wavy blond hair, a tilted nose, and a curious way of bowing—with hands on thighs, as if he were preparing for a football scrimmage. Who was he? Peter Schaufuss, product of the Royal Danish Ballet, presently a member of the New York City Ballet, and on this occasion a guest artist with the National Ballet of Canada. His dancing? Sensational!

The storm of applause came in response to a virtuosity, a balletic physical prowess, equal—or almost equal—to that of the dazzling Mikhail Baryshnikov. Schaufuss traced the swift intricacies of his multiple entrechats high in the air, propelled by a rocketlike thrust. As for his multiple pirouettes—for which he often positioned himself as though he were Mercury, in the winged pose that long ago gave ballet its "attitude" position—they were so numerous and fleet that one could never begin to count them.

Since Schaufuss has been dancing with the New York City Ballet for some time now, why did he not explode into stellar ranking before this? The reasons are twofold. The New York City Ballet has only one superstar: George Balanchine, its artistic director and chief choreographer, and Balanchine ballets do not provide the same showcase for individual talents and idiosyncrasies as do the great ballet classics.

Young Schaufuss (twenty-seven) enjoyed just such a showcase with the Canadians by performing in both *Giselle* and *Swan Lake*. The balletomanes turned out in force, and if their cheers were sufficient evidence, the Dane was received in the company of today's great *premier danseurs*.

I agree with the fans. Still, I do have some reservations. Schaufuss is not endowed with that instant magnetism Nureyev and Baryshnikov possess, so he must continue to develop his own very considerable charm. Furthermore, his enormous physical skills are not yet matched by acting skills. The parts of Albrecht (*Giselle*) and Siegfried (*Swan Lake*) have more acting than dancing passages for the *danseur*. Schaufuss's dramatics are as yet limited to boyish ardor and youthful emotional vulnerability—suitable to the roles and very appealing, but not sufficient. (Ivan Nagy, the great *premier danseur noble*, can make a profound statement of tragic despair by simply walking across the stage.)

I asked Schaufuss, who is confident of his technical accomplishments, what he feels is missing from his performances. Unhesitatingly, he said, "I need to dance the old classics more, more, more. Sometimes I do not dance a classic for six months. That's not often enough." I would add that he, along with many other first-rate dancers, needs a director. I don't mean a ballet master or regisseur or a stager of

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steps. Both *Giselle* and *Swan Lake* are ballet *dramas*; performances of them would gain much from the direction of, say, a George Abbott or a José Quintero.

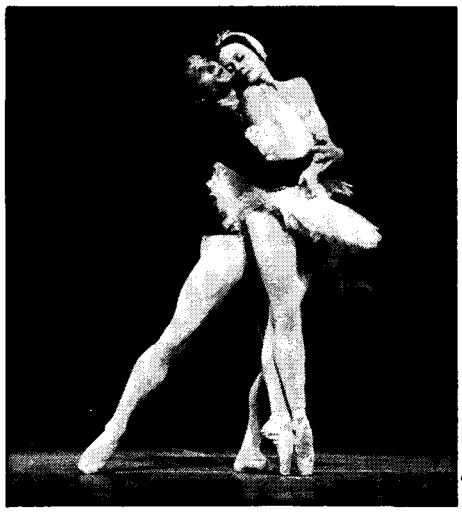
Peter Schaufuss does not downgrade his experiences with the New York City Ballet. "I'm deeply grateful for what I've learned from Mr. Balanchine; the most important thing for me is to dance—and to dance well." But when one dances particularly well on the great stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, something very special occurs. Thus it was that when Peter Schaufuss's *Swan Lake* electrified a huge audience at the Met, he became *somebody*, a star. This is not to say that the New York City Ballet has not produced stars. Although Balanchine disapproves of the star system and almost always creates more brilliantly for the female than for the male, both Jacques d'Amboise and Edward Villella became "names" with the New York City Ballet, as did another Dane, Peter Martins. Still, their performances as guest artists with other companies helped to put them in ballet's "big time." A tenor may be admired in *The Ballad of Baby Doe*, but if he wants to be an opera star, he'd better make it in *La Bohème* or *Aida*. The same is true in ballet: dancers who want the spotlight for their own have to mount the old warhorses and bend them to their will. Peter Schaufuss can do just that. Already, he's a brilliant contender for rivalry with Baryshnikov; Nureyev; America's own Richard Cragun, *premier danseur* of the Stuttgart Ballet; and the American Ballet Theatre's outstanding Fernando Bujones, who also appeared as guest with the National Ballet.

The National and the Stuttgart played the Met following the American Ballet Theatre's long season, and each of them maintained the high level of performance the ABT had established. One of the world's great dance companies, the Stuttgart—very much the product of the late John Cranko—is now directed by its prima ballerina, Marcia Haydée, following a brief and unhappy interregnum under Glen Tetley. Cranko's superb work remains as the core of the company's repertory, but Miss Haydée is already fostering young choreographic talent within the troupe and is importing ballets from neighboring companies as well.

Miss Haydée danced more beautifully than ever this season. Richard Cragun spoke to me about her ability to be both dancer and director: "She never allows one job to get mixed up with the other," he said. "When she is taking class, rehearsing, or performing, she cuts out all administration from her mind. She is simply a dancer. Then, when she goes to work as director, making artistic and administrative plans and decisions, she's no longer a dancer; she's an executive. I don't know how she can turn on and off, but she does."

The Stuttgart Ballet *under* Haydée and *with* Haydée danced splendidly at the Met and at an outdoor performance I caught at Philadelphia's Robin Hood Dell. Haydée herself shone, but so, too, did Birgit Keil and Egon Madsen, the super Cragun, and, indeed, all the Stuttgarters.

Canada's National Ballet also has a new director, and the company has never looked better in its 25 year history. Alexander Grant, the new boss, was once a great dancer himself—not a *premier danseur noble*, but a matchless demi-caractère dancer with Britain's Royal Ballet, in which capacity he excelled in a fabulous array of roles created especially for him by Sir Frederick Ashton. In recent years, the National had Rudolf Nureyev as guest artist to assure its box office solvency, and Nureyev did an unforgettable job in leading the National into the big time. This year the company made it comfortably on its own with its own excellent stars (Karen Kain and Frank Augustyn among them), a fine supporting group of soloists and corps, and the two young guests Bujones and Schaufuss, who may well become superstars within a year or two.



J. L. Varloogian

Peter Schaufuss and Vanessa Harwood—"Electrifying at the Met."

While in the Philadelphia area to see the Stuttgart, I saw some other dancing that also earned thunderous applause—and without benefit of *Giselle* or *Swan Lake* or Balanchine or Ashton. It was a modern dance event, and an imported one at that (rather like bringing those coals to Newcastle), presented by the Temple University Music Festival at the suburban Ambler campus, in an open-air theater under the stars.

The dancing was done by the London Contemporary Dance Theatre, directed by Robert Cohan, a onetime principal dancer with the Martha Graham Dance Company and a frequent partner of Miss Graham herself. The group, the outgrowth of a school established in London for the purpose of teaching the Graham technique abroad, is now 10 years old. Cohan is its principal choreographer, with Robert North (American) and Siobhan Davies (English) as his associates. I had seen some of the London Contemporary's dancers in Liverpool last year, but at Temple I saw the entire company. I found their technical skill, performing dynamism, and choreographic strength overwhelming. The Graham technique is the root upon which the company is grounded, but that's all. As a choreographer, Cohan, who tried his hand successfully at choreography as far back as 1959 in recitals with Matt Turney, shows his Graham links no more strongly than Balanchine shows his descent from Marius Petipa of the last century.

In one of the programs at Temple, Cohan's work was represented by *Class*, a theatricalization of a modern dance training session, and *Cell*, a terrifying and gripping study of the varying behavior of three couples confined in an unidentified place—a prison, or perhaps an air raid shelter or any place of detention. The first work, exciting and brightly virtuosic, is to modern dance what Harald Lander's *Etudes* or Asaf Messerer's *Ballet School* (created for the Bolshoi Ballet), both staged ballet lessons, are to the older art form.

The London Contemporary Dance Theatre, with headquarters at The Place in London, has already made its influence felt theatrically as well as educationally (it has brought modern dance techniques to schools and universities) throughout the United Kingdom. It is, as far as I know, the best modern dance company abroad; and on the basis of the one rousing performance I saw here, I would say it easily ranks on a par with the major modern dance companies of America. You may never have heard of dances called *Cell*, *Masque of Separation*, *Troy Game*, or *The Waterless Method of Swimming Instruction*; they will never become as well known as *Swan Lake*. They are memorable nonetheless on their own terms; don't miss them. ◉

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Music to My Ears

Recorded Oddities, Novelties, and Rarities

by Irving Kolodin

Instrumental

Bernstein: Music from *Mass*; *Candide* overture (DG). The values of the work Leonard Bernstein wrote half a dozen years ago for the opening of the Kennedy Center, in Washington, D.C., are diluted rather than strengthened in this effort by the Boston Pops Orchestra under the direction of Arthur Fiedler. The conductor's energetic point-making puts a prop under some parts of "Devotions before Mass," "Gloria Tibi," and "Credo" where it is helpful. But the absence of text takes away mightily from the planned purpose, as does Irwin Kostal's reorchestration to replace the missing voices. The *Candide* overture is brightly performed.

Delius: Double concerto for violin, cello, and orchestra (Angel). The typical patterns of Delius are enhanced by the violinistic art of Yehudi Menuhin. Only Delius, perhaps, could have called the first work, composed in 1919, a concerto, but that, to be sure, was his privilege. In the equally seductive product of 1915, Menuhin is joined by cellist Paul Tortelier. Here the results are something like a dream narrated by two rather than one—redundant. Meredith Davies gets a very good Deliusy sound in his conducting of the Royal Philharmonic.

Dvořák: Quintet in A (Opus 81) (RCA). Emanuel Ax, winner of the first Rubenstein competition in 1974, shows his mettle as a chamber music pianist in this fine collaboration with the Cleveland Quartet. This puts him in direct competition with his benefactor, as RCA already has a memorable version of this work in which Rubenstein is heard with the Guarneri Quartet.

Liszt: *Années de pèlerinage* (complete) (Connoiseur). In the years since he regularly appeared in this country as a young pianist, György Cziffra has gone a long way toward fulfilling his plentiful promise, particularly as a performer of Liszt. Here he takes on the mentally as well as mechanically challenging survey of the tours of "Switzerland," "Italy," and "Venice and Naples" embodied in the three *Années de pèlerinage* and guides his listener skillfully through all their stimulating vistas. Cziffra tends to be thoughtful rather than flamboyant in such pieces as "Au bord d'une source," "Canzonetta del Salvator Rosa," and "Aux cyprès de la Villa d'Este" (No. 1), a balance that is all to the good. Uncommonly fine piano sound.

Pierné: *Cydalise et le Chèvre-Pied* (Suites 1 and 2); Overture on Basque Themes from *Ramuntcho* (Angel). Gabriel Pierné is one of numerous French composers for whom the description "minor master" does not preclude the possession of invention, fantasy, and a decided sense of the picturesque. *Cydalise* (as the ballet of 1919 is generally known) is full of fluty flourishes and Pan-pipings in keeping with its "chèvre-pied" (faun, or "the goat footed"). The sounds are artfully extracted from the Paris Opera Orchestra by conductor Jean-Baptiste Mari, and the seldom-heard overture makes a diverting afterpiece.

Strauss: Concerto in D minor (Opus 8); Burleske in D minor (Angel). Why the early violin concerto of Richard Strauss is not better known only practitioners of the instrument could say. The first, "classical" phase of the young Strauss is, familiarly, full of Mendelssohnian allusions, but they are constantly colored in this work by the emerging character of the master-to-come. Ulf Hoelscher honors such teachers in this country as Josef Gingold and Ivan Galamian in producing a beautifully songful, finely spun (almost Heifetzian) sound in the solo part. Overside, pianist Malcolm Frager achieves one of the best performances ever in collaboration with conductor Rudolf Kempe.

Opera

Lully: *Alceste* (Columbia). This six-side succession of scenes (some sung, some declaimed, and some instrumental in character) is far from the common conception of opera but close to the concepts from which French opera developed. Of particular interest are the instrumental episodes, invested in 1677 by Lully (a native of Florence and a great favorite of Louis XIV) with the dance character that became an inseparable part of French opera in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The recorded *Alceste* (the only complete opera by Lully currently in the catalog) ebbs and flows in quality. At best it has a curious suggestion (minus arias) of Gluck, who also wrote an *Alceste*. For the most part, the female singers (especially Renée Auphan and Felicity Palmer) are superior to the male, of whom Marc Vento is the best and Bruce Brewer, who has the tenor lead as Admèt, is, unfortunately, the least good. However, for those with an interest in operatic oddities, this issue provides an uncommon opportunity to sample the French species in its infancy. The version is by Jean-Claude Malgoire, who also conducts, and the commentary by François Lesur is thoroughly illuminating. A French-English libretto is included.

Vocal

Schumann: *Liederkreis* (Opus 24); Fifteen Songs from *Myrthen* (Opus 25) (DG). Neither Schumann nor Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau is in any way a stranger to us, but the product of this collaboration of the great baritone and the pianist Christoph Eschenbach does qualify among oddities, novelties, and rarities. Where else can one find performances on this level of such extraordinary songs (from *Myrthen*) as "Widmung," "Der Nussbaum," "Die Lotosblume," "Talismane," and "Du bist wie eine Blume"? Cheap at any price.

Miscellaneous

Dizzy Gillespie: "Free Ride" (Pablo). Muted, if not muffled, Gillespie is the prime attribute of this collaboration of the great trumpeter with Lalo Schifrin as composer, arranger, conductor, and operator of the electronic keyboard. Also participating as masters of the subtleties on their instruments are Wa Wa Watson, electric guitar, Paulinho da Costa, percussion, and James Horn, sax and flute.

Fletcher Henderson and Orchestra (Smithsonian). A magnificent double dose of prime jazz (1923–1937) in which the Fletcher Henderson band is heard in updated sound of unprecedented clarity. Participants include Louis Armstrong ("Copenhagen"), "Fats" Waller ("The Henderson Stomp"), Rex Stewart, Coleman Hawkins, and Joe Smith ("Stampede"), and an infinity of others. Address the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. ◉

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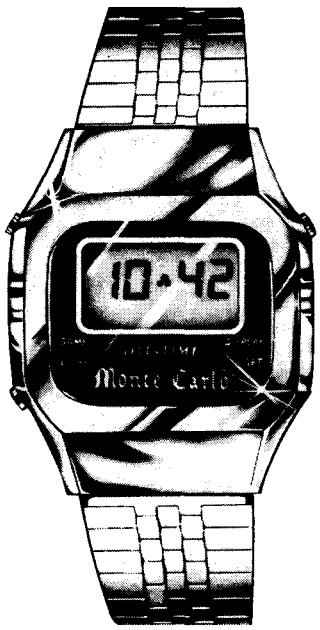

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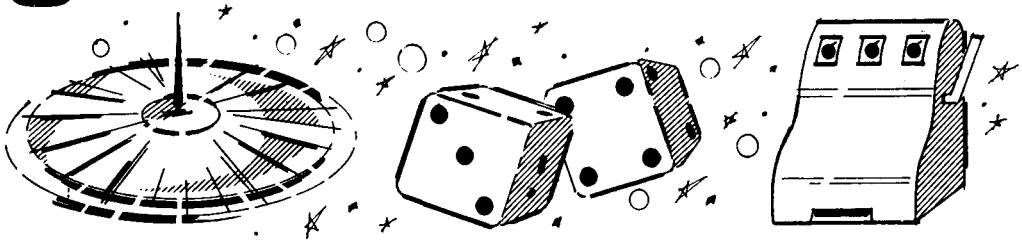

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Artsletter

War of the Videotapes

by Roland Gelatt

In this age of the ubiquitous "nonevent," it should be no surprise that one of this fall's major happenings will be the nonappearance of the much mooted, much delayed videodisc. Once again, promissory notes are being handed out in place of the real thing. The time may still come when we can put a videodisc of *Star Wars* on the turntable and play the movie through our television sets as easily as we can now play a record of the sound track through our stereo sets—but please don't hold your breath. Despite vast expenditures on research and development, and large dollops of premature publicity, the videodisc is still hovering diffidently in the wings.

Meanwhile, out on center stage is videotape, already well past its debut and about to play to really big audiences. So far, the market for home videotape equipment has remained the almost private preserve of Sony, the pathbreaking Japanese electronics firm that first brought us the pocket transistor radio some 20 years ago. But now several mass market merchandisers—RCA, Zenith, Magnavox, Pioneer, Sylvania, and Sears—are getting into the act. Since they will be touting rival and incompatible videotape systems, we can expect a deluge of claims and counterclaims in the next few months.

Videotape for the home arrived here less than two years ago with the introduction of Sony's Betamax, a compact recording device that hooks up to any color television set and employs half-inch videotape loaded into plastic cassettes. Today the Sony people insist that they knew right from the start how well Betamax would fare in the U.S. marketplace. Others say that its success far exceeded Sony's original expectations. At all events, some 60,000 Betamax units are already in use, and at least another 60,000 will be sold between now and Christmas. When you consider that a Betamax carries a $1,300 price tag, it's easy to understand why other home electronics manufacturers want to muscle in on the business.

Two rival videotape systems will be confronting each other, and the hapless consumer, this fall. An updated version of the Sony system, capable of recording uninterruptedly for two hours instead of the original one hour, will be offered by Zenith, Sears, and Pioneer (as well as, of course, by Sony). Since Zenith and Sears stand, respectively, first and third in the U.S. color television market, their versions of the Betamax will not lack for promotional clout. But the company that stands second in color television sales, RCA, will be espousing a totally different videotape system. Developed by Matsushita in Japan, it's called the VHS (for Video Home System). Like the Betamax, the VHS uses half-inch tape in cassettes—but with a maximum record/play time of four hours compared to the Betamax's two. Lining up with RCA in favor of the VHS are Magnavox, Sylvania, and Matsushita's own American subsidiary, Panasonic. The incipient War of the Videotapes between these two alliances looks suspiciously like a replay of the War of the Speeds back in the late 1940s, when RCA launched the 45-rpm record as a challenge to Columbia's 33⅓-rpm disc. Eventually, the public learned to live with two record speeds, and doubtless it will also resign itself to two videotape systems.

Each system glories in videotape's so-called time-shift capability. Videotape frees the viewer from the tyranny of the television schedule. If you're out or otherwise engaged when a program you want to see goes on the air, videotape will capture it for later viewing (a timing mechanism turns the recorder on and off according to preset instructions). If you're interested in two programs that are being broadcast at the same time, you can pick up one on the television set and store the other on tape (the recorder has its own separate tuner). Essentially, videotape allows us to set our own TV schedules. If some of us persist in wanting to read a newspaper over the morning coffee, we can still catch an important interview on the *Today* show later on by recording it on videotape. Likewise, those of us who find it tiresome to stay up for the *Late, Late Show* need no longer curse the fact that old Marlene Dietrich films invariably go on the air in the wee hours: videotape will allow us to watch them at a more civilized time.

There are some interesting long-term implications for TV programming in all this. As more and more homes become equipped with video recorders, prime time will begin to lose its scarcity value. Prime time now commands astronomical advertising rates because that's when most people want to watch television. But if enough households start using prime time to watch non-prime-time programs, the rules of the game may have to be changed.

Videotape is as readily erasable as audio tape: record a program, watch it once, then erase it and record another. The same cassette can be used over and over again. But it isn't working out that way. Contrary to all predictions, people are saving the programs they record on videotape. This is proven by the mushrooming sales of blank videotape cassettes. Despite their relatively high cost ($16.95 for a two-hour cassette), blank videotape cassettes are selling in substantial quantities. There was a particularly heavy demand for them when *Gone With the Wind* was shown on television. In thousands of homes, *GWTW* can now be replayed whenever the fancy chooses.

The very thought sends a chill through the owners of such properties. If their films can be copied off the air in thousands of homes today, and in millions tomorrow, who will want to pay to see them? The chill has prompted MCA, the entertainment conglomerate, and Walt Disney Productions to bring suit against Sony. Their action claims that Sony is infringing copyright law by advertising and offering for sale a device that records TV programming for later viewing. In effect, the lawsuit questions the public's right to record off the air for its private pleasure without charge. Since the airwaves are public property, that right would seem to be self-evident. Disney and MCA intend to argue otherwise. Since they cannot sue every owner of a home video recorder, they are striking at the company that pioneered the technology.

Perhaps not entirely by coincidence, MCA (in conjunction with North American Philips) is a proponent of one of the two unborn videodisc systems. It has been suggested that the MCA-Disney lawsuit may have been instigated in hopes of stalling the nascent videotape boom until the troubled videodisc can finally make its belated debut. And that brings us back to where we started: the nonappearance this fall of those long-awaited records filled with sight as well as sound.

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Back in the spring of 1975, it seemed as if they were just about ready to be plopped onto the turntable. Both MCA-Philips and RCA put on well-attended demonstrations of their respective systems, and both let it be understood that the videodisc would be on the market in 1976. In anticipation of that event, numerous articles appeared in newspapers and magazines describing the two systems and evaluating their pluses and minuses. The only thing that didn't appear was the videodisc itself. Now, two fruitless years later, a more cautious note is being sounded. An executive at North American Philips says merely that the MCA-Philips system will be test marketed by selected dealers at some point in the future—"the date is not critical." RCA is even more vague. The word from corporate headquarters is that a decision on the videodisc won't be made until late 1978. At that time, if the auguries aren't hopeful, the entire project could conceivably be scrapped.

Theoretically, the videodisc has one overwhelming advantage over videotape: cheapness of replication. Videodiscs can be manufactured in quantity at relatively low cost. Both RCA and MCA-Philips aim to sell feature length films on videodiscs for $12 to $15. Both also aim to market players for around $500. If workable videodiscs and players can really be sold at these prices, the horizons for home entertainment and instruction are limitless: new and old movies, Broadway musicals, operas, golf lessons from Arnold Palmer, illustrated lectures by Lord Clark, the list can go on and on. Doubtless all this and more is possible, and perhaps feasible, but for the moment, a wary public will simply have to wait and see.

Meanwhile, videotape is alive and kicking. If it gathers momentum this fall as quickly as some people predict, the videodisc may never even get into the race. ◉

Wit Twister No. 101

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 77.

The ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
halt. The mob greets with a jeer
One wretched ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
___ ___ ___, palsied by his fear.
Chief of the ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
___ ___ for the quondam queen,
He'll do a headstand for the guillotine!

A. S.

to connect its foreign policy to its most important traditions. The American people overwhelmingly support this position. This does not mean, we emphasized, that Americans believe they have solved all their own human-rights problems or that they feel they are in a position to lecture to the world. But it is important nonetheless to define standards and to set goals. While the President's pronouncements have had special relevance for the Soviet dissidents, they were intended as a statement of general principle underlying U.S. foreign policy rather than as a stratagem directed at the Soviet Union. We said we could see how the original pronouncements might have produced some confusion, and we expressed confidence that an unambiguous, coherent statement by the President would be forthcoming. (Such a statement was in fact made by President Carter on July 21, at Charleston, S.C.)

It was apparent at Jurmala that both countries tend to be chained to mirror images. Almost identical charges and responses characterize the stance of each country toward the other. Even more serious perhaps is the existence in each nation of powerful forces that have a stake in the failure of détente. President Eisenhower's warning to the American people about the military-industrial complex has often been cited. Not so widely recognized is the potent role of American organized labor in creating and supporting high military budgets and in opposing efforts to cut back on weapons production. Similarly, in the Soviet Union, certain ideological forces have combined with the military complex in opposing détente as a whole. The notion, therefore, that détente has an easy time within each government is plainly false.

Another significant fact is that it will be increasingly difficult for the two governments, left to themselves, to compose or moderate their differences. The arguments advanced by both sides seem to be more the product of a sovereign-state psychology than of objective perceptions of genuine paths to peace. If war is to be averted, it is necessary for both governments to work together to create an effective world order. Peace will have to be institutionalized.

The greatest enemy of the Russians is not the Americans, any more than the greatest enemy of the Americans is the Russians. The greatest enemy of both is the world anarchy that is the unhappy compound of conflicting foreign policies and that creates the combustibles of world war. —N.C.

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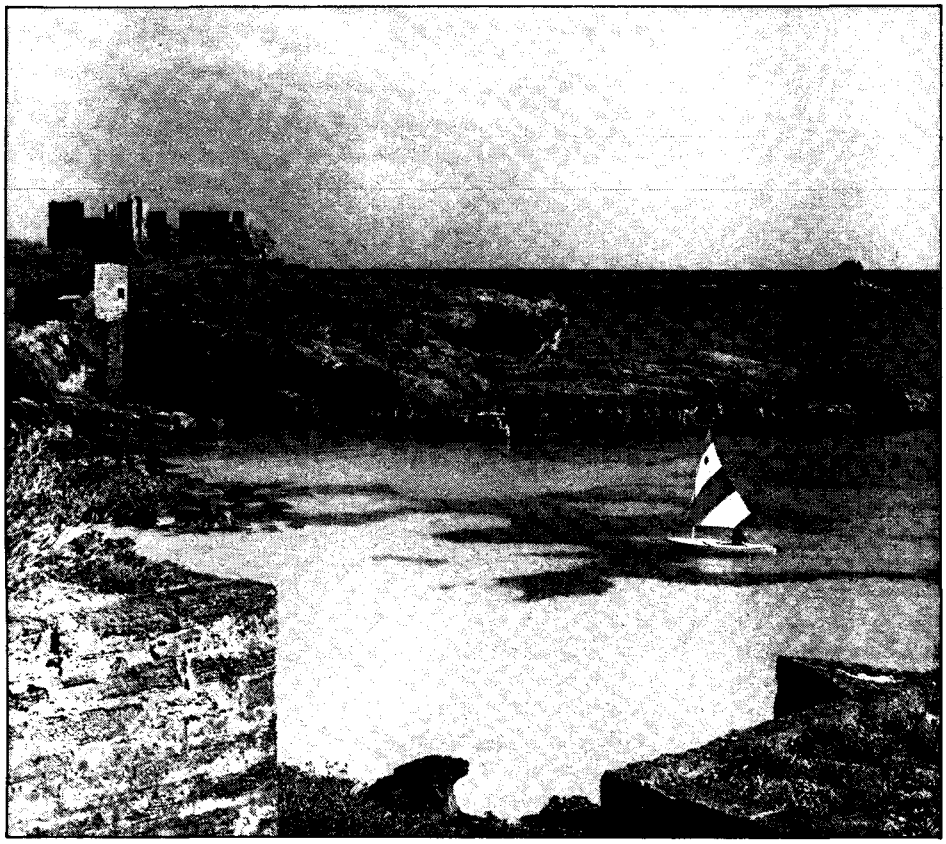
Booked for Travel

Bermuda in the Pink



King's Castle ruins, Bermuda—"An enclave of solid, peaceful status quo."

by Horace Sutton

CONSIDERING the benefits that civilization has bestowed upon other similarly endowed islands—I think, as a modest start, of Corfu, Mallorca, and the Canaries—it is a wonder that Bermuda—which lies, after all, only 700 miles from Cape Hatteras—is not flashing with neon, sprinkled with outposts of Burger King, and walled by half-mile-high hotels.

One can assign the air of probity that hangs over Bermuda as identifiably as the perfume of its Easter lilies to the native conservative ways of the legislature and of the Bermuda Department of Tourism. They have permitted certain technocratic advances, and yet in no way have they countenanced the vestiges of the commercialism that has affected—to name one obviously overdone oasis—the purlieus of tourist San Juan.

It would have been a travesty to require travelers who had flown down from the States in little more than an hour to spend several more being transported to a hotel by horse drawn Victoria, as was once the custom on the island. Cars are permitted, though the number allowed a family is severely curtailed; and car-hire by Hertz, Avis, or any of the other agencies simply doesn't exist. On the other hand, the ubiquitous moped—the cross between bicycle and motorcycle that is a mode of conveyance in the employ of many islanders—has been adopted by island visitors. Today's "tourist look" is Bermuda shorts, helmet—a mandatory bit of sartorial equipage—and moped. Thus equipped the visitor can eschew the cabs and the calèches (whatever number still exist) and be an independent soul, buzzing about the island like a free-spirited wasp. When they talk about drive-yourself down here, they mean by two-wheeler.

The moped has replaced that other symbol of Bermuda, the bicycle, equipped, as it always was, with a basket slung under the handlebars. Why pedal a bike when you've got a compact combustion engine to do the work? Alas, what was a vacation novelty for visitors to Bermuda has now been brought home to the American mainland as a part of everyday life. Several states have given the right to ride a moped to anyone as young as fifteen, without need of a license.

If the flight down from New York on Eastern's 1011, that flying behemoth, seemed a little shorter than crossings I remember, I chalk that up to bigger and faster engines and to a new sense of passenger comfort. If the airport seemed larger than I remember it, I charge that to new-style tourism—some mass mixed with some class. If the public announcements seemed crustier than I recall them to have been, I ascribe that to parlous times. Her Majesty's government made it downright plain to those it had just deposited in the arrivals hall that it would have no patience with any visitor trafficking in drugs. Indeed, the announcement seemed to be saying that there might equally be some question about bringing certain medicines into the country. Since no one asked me about nostrums, pills, and potions, I assumed the announcement mouthed a law not carried out to the letter. If the help at the airport—at least the porter I drew—seemed a little less friendly than in other days, I impute it to the nervous strain exacted by group travel. Heavens, there were even buses on hand, albeit of modest size and not snorting clouds of carbon monoxide as in Europe.

Yet, once all that was done with, the island itself seemed little transformed. If anything, it appeared as an enclave of solid, peaceful status quo, and that is surely one of its appeals.

Devonshire Dock, which I passed in the course of an island run one day, unfolded like the very essence of a picture book cove, its fishing nets on racks, the water—in these days of polluted rivieras—unbelievably blue. Fishing boats were drawn up, too, at Flatt's Village, some for charter and some resting between commercial forays. There were swimmers at John Smith's Bay, across from the aquarium, but nary a soul on the sands at Shelly Bay Beach and not a customer at Capt. Rudy's Sea Food Tavern, which, for reasons only Rudy knew, was closed for the day.

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Veteran voyagers to these parts will be heartened to know that The Swizzle is not only alive but reasonably crowded, even though it has some express stipulations concerning those it will allow on the premises: NO BATHING SUITS, NO BARE FEET, NO PETS, NO UNDERVESTS says a sign. A famed and revered watering hole for servicemen and contractors during World War II, it is decorated, if that's the right word, with a dart board, a jukebox, an ancient upright piano, and enough names scrawled on the walls to fill the registry of a town of modest size. Names not on the walls are on calling cards, rendered brown and musty by the smoke, the dust, and the years. But the old legend of the Seabees (CAN DO) carved in a beam was legible enough, and so was the evidence of uncounted nights of roistering.

The couples in the dining room and on the terrace were of another breed. No dart throwers there. No card leavers, either. They were probably guests at the new Grotto Bay Hotel, a trim little inn of 140 rooms, 10 minutes from the airport. From its lawns, one can see the planes coming in without hearing them, and one can catch a glimpse, at proper times, of Cunard's new commuter, the all white *Princess*, slipping through the cerulean sea, its red Cunard stack slanted back as if preened by the wind like a divi-divi tree.

Perhaps inspired by the coming of the *Princess*, which is docking there when the winds aren't obstreperous, St. George, that ancient settlement that dates from 1612, has had itself redone. No Colonel Sanders, mind you, but an attractive, planned restoration of old buildings, the wharf, and the town square. Shops and restaurants have been planted among the old brick—a branch of Trimingham's and another of the ubiquitous Irish Linen Shop. The Carriage House does a rushing noon business, cooling the tourists with tankards of iced tea and nourishing them with sandwiches.

At the town square is a replica of the *Deliverance*, which, with the *Patience*, was built at Bermuda from salvaged timbers and Bermuda cedar after the *Sea Venture*, on its way to relieve the colony at Jamestown, Virginia, was shipwrecked off Bermuda. The harbor at St. George, now so full of yachts, is almost as busy as it was during the Civil War. Bermuda was a staging area then, with Confederate blockade-runners bringing cotton from the South for Britain's textile mills and taking home the necessities of war. St. George swelled into a boomtown. A museum of those times has been established in the building from which the Confederate agent, Major Norman Walker, ran the mission.

On the wall are Confederate bonds issued in Richmond and Confederate coins and bills whose owners decided they were more valuable at war's end as museum pieces than as currency. Displayed, too, is the pictorial story of Joseph Hayne Rainey, born in South Carolina, who became a steward on a blockade-runner, jumped ship in Bermuda, and learned to be a barber. When the war was over he returned home and became the first black congressman to serve in Washington.

On the way back from St. George's a sign still hanging on a bridge says WALK YOUR HORSES. There are few to walk except those that pull the carriages and clop the streets of Hamilton waiting for the chance shopper whose arches ache. As for Hamilton, that neat bazaar, it seems hardly to have lost a hair. Nor is one out of place. A. S. Cooper on Front Street, where the big ships tie up like massive floating hulks, has graced its doors with blue Wedgwood handles done by Josiah Wedgwood and Sons Ltd., Barlaston, Stoke-on-Trent, England.

Cooper, Trimingham, and the other shops along the harbor are storehouses of the best goods of England—Wedgwood (in many newer patterns beyond the traditional blue), Royal Crown Derby, and Staffordshire china; Pringle sweaters; Daks suits and slacks; Dunhill pipes; and on and on. Enticing Shetland sweaters at less than $14 are the best buy and French fragrances, the worst. As tourist dens go, the shops offer the convenience of accepting—aside from Bermuda currency—American and Canadian dollars and credit cards. That may seem standard practice for a tourist place so close to the American shore, but Bermuda hotels, by mutual agreement, do not take credit cards. They ask for cash or check and keep the 6 percent.

Of the Hamilton hotels, the venerable Princess became something of a landmark, or even a war memorial, with the publication of William Stevenson's book *A Man Called Intrepid*. His is the story of Sir William Stephenson, who, as Intrepid, set up and operated a special Bermuda unit that had been trained at Bletchley, the World War II intelligence nerve center in Britain. The unit was able to get and transmit intelligence messages from German headquarters. But more than that, it set up teams of experts in secret ink detection and in trapping— prying open mail—stationing them in Bermuda.

The experts lived in the Princess Hotel and in the Bermudiana. Most had been recruited in Britain, the chance of working in wartime on what was supposed to be a romantic tropical isle having lured many single girls. But there were far more girls than men, and most of the males were too busy or too married for extracurricular war games. Wrote one disappointed lass in "The Virgin's Lament" (given currency anew in Stevenson's book):

I'm just a girl at MI 5
And heading for a virgin's grave—
My legs it was wot got me in—
Still I wait for my bit of sin.

Allegedly, girls with good legs made ideal trappers. They could open and scan mail that was riding between America and Europe while Pan Am's flying boats stopped to refuel. If the intelligence experts needed more time, fictitious delays were invented.

Today, the original Princess Hotel, first opened in 1885 and named for Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria, remains a handy way station for those who would be close to Hamilton. It is a short walk from the end of town. Since its acquisition by the Ludwig interests, it has added wing after wing until it now represents a $13 million investment and can give shelter to some 800 guests. Princess Louise, who had visited Bermuda in 1882 and who had arrived home looking especially fit, bestowed upon Bermuda an international reputation. By extension, she gave, if not her name, her title to the other Princess hotels in the Ludwig group—in Acapulco and Freeport.

Its sister hotel, the Southampton Princess, is an enormous resort, the only hotel on the island ever given a variance to be built on a hilltop. The permission took 12 years to get, but guests who come now have water views in every direction. The first 300 rooms were opened five years ago. When the market seemed able to take more rooms, another 300 were added.

A golf course is laced into the rolling lands in front of the hotel. In the avalanche of tennis interest, 11 courts have been installed, six of them down at Whaler's Cove, at the water's edge, and another five on Turtle Hill, near the hotel's entrance. Johnny Miller is the touring golf pro and Ile Nastase, the touring tennis pro, but that is purely hype. The active working tennis pros are Bruce Sims, Bermuda's number one seed, and Eugene Wood, a patient and artful teacher, especially with young players.

Continued on page 50

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Manner of Speaking

Robert Frost: Two Anecdotes

by John Ciardi

I AM weary of biographers who tell me Robert Frost was an evil man. Volcanoes have little choice about what they do. Frost lived at an emotional pitch beyond the common range of experience. There was a magmatic mass of passion at his core. In eruption—as in the power of his best poems—he was awesome. But volcanoes are also marked by sulfurous vents of side-stink. We have no need to love a volcano; we are yet compelled to report what it does.

Sometime around 1960 (as I recall), a government agency released a saccharine technicolor film in which Frost was made to dodder inanely through a marzipan version of a Vermont autumn. The town of Ripton, ever prudently alert for a tourist dollar, showed the film for the people at the Bread Loaf Writers Conference, charging enough in admission fees to pay for repainting the town hall.

Back "up mountain" for a purifying drink, I found myself facing Frost, who wanted to know what I thought of the film. I had to confess to disliking it. Frost demanded to know why. "As nearly as I can put it," I said, "because Robert Frost is no lollipop."

Frost only grunted and turned away. Then, a year later and in some other and forgotten context, he turned to me and said, "It's as you say—I'm no lollipop."

I think Frost had stored my remark to examine it for possible offense, and having found none in it, he made an occasion to repeat it *as his way of letting me know I had been acquitted.* He was capable of such complexity. He was also capable of odd foibles.

In his later years he became convinced that the American people had appointed him, by acclamation, to a special public office as their bard. In public, therefore, he was always "onstage."

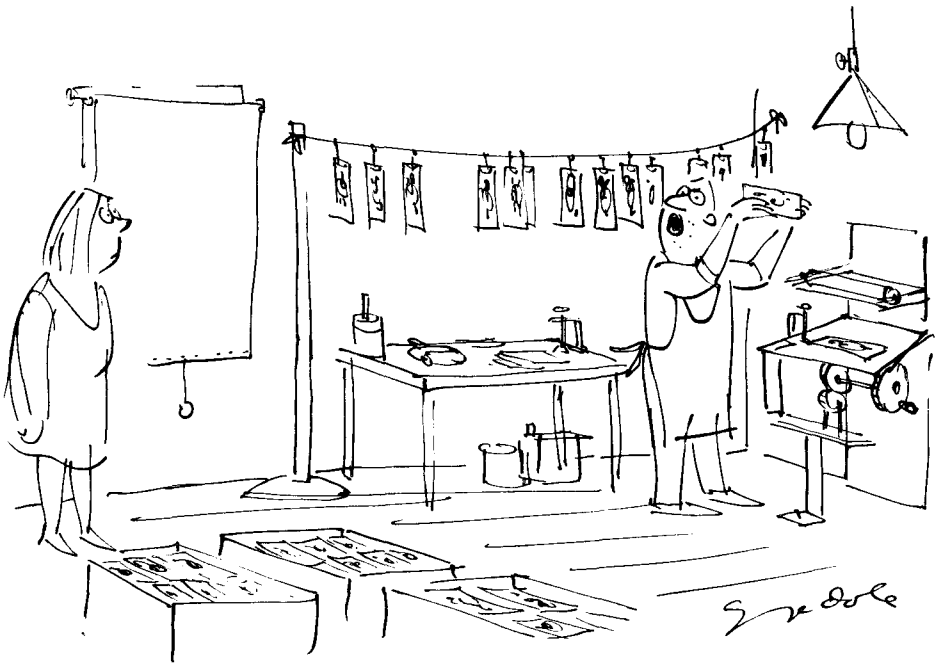
One hot afternoon Frost came up from the Homer Noble Farm to Bread Loaf to autograph several hundred books. To ease things, I had cleaned up my messy office and arranged a small ritual. Frost slipped off his coat and sat at my desk in galluses. Mary Moore Molony put the books before him one by one as Kay Morrison stood at his shoulder to read the slip of paper in each book and to cue him on the person involved. Once Frost had signed, I picked up the book and handed it to Paul Cubeta, who stored it away. It was a fly-droned, side-porch, slow afternoon, with pauses for iced tea and for easy chatting, mostly, as I recall, about Gillie, Frost's border collie.

The last book signed, Frost was backing out of the office door when, out of the corner of his eye, he saw a little old lady approaching. Instantly, he was "on." His voice went oratorical. He waved a finger in the air. "I'll tell them in Washington!" he said. "I'll. . . ." He turned, as if in surprise, to find her at his elbow. "Why, hello there!" he intoned, raising both hands high. "I was just saying. . . ."

It was dazzling. He walked her down the corridor, orating as he went. When, at the door into the lobby, she flustered her thank-yous, Frost went out an adjacent door to the porch, still promising to make Washington good and true. Then, with two steps onto the porch, the scene was played out, and he said to me, once more in that easy side-porch voice, "Who the hell was that?"

I don't know what it means. Something about the possible absurdities of old age. Yet let me add, against the likely wrath of an honored ghost, that I intend no offense. Every poem involves the poet in a role he has to invent, in what Frost called "the way the poet takes himself." Whatever surfaced that afternoon, though foolish, was in some manner akin to the way his poems were made.

With the difference that a foolishly conceived poetic role can be edited into the wastebasket, whereas such a role played out before a witness must be edited into the biographical footnotes—because we want to know all we can about such a man. ◉



"What did you do with the $50,000 I gave you yesterday?"

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 90

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 50.*

HRA QADUEY HRA ZDN EK HRA HQDYUSQAU-UEQ BU UE RDQV BU IAPDMUA BH'U UE PQEZVAV.

—RMIIDQV

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Light Refractions

A Very Pleasant Read

by Thomas H. Middleton

Several friends have asked me if I don't hate the expression "a good read." Book reviewers, especially in *The New York Times*, I think, are increasingly given to the use of "It's a good read" and similar phrases. The first time I saw *read* as a noun, its unfamiliarity disturbed me, I admit. Having thought about it for a while, though, I decided it wasn't so bad. We can have an interesting talk; a brisk walk; a long, hard look—why not a good read? It occurred to me that though most of my friends and I are still unaccustomed to *read* as a noun, it might have a long nominal history. *Webster's Second* lists *read* as a noun; so does *Webster's Third*, noting that it's "chiefly Brit." The *Oxford English Dictionary* tells us that Thackeray wrote, "When I arrived and took . . . my first read of the newspaper," and that James Russell Lowell wrote of "a good solid read . . . into the small hours."

Back in July, I read a book called *The Serial*, and I told my wife, "That was a very pleasant read." I'd never actually used *read* as a noun before, and under normal circumstances, I possibly wouldn't have used it then. What had happened was that in June one of those new, improved viruses had rendered me *hors de* just about everything for almost a month. I recall thinking for a brief period that I'd just stay in bed and catch up on correspondence, get ahead in my writing, and maybe things wouldn't be so bad after all. Then I gave up thinking altogether. A lot of mail went unanswered because thinking hurt too much and writing would have been impossible. The only thing I could do really well in all that time was cough.

I remembered N.C.'s fascinating "Anatomy of an Illness," from the May 28 *SR*, wherein he said that laughter had helped him when he was so dangerously ill. My doctor had told me that my sedimentation rate was 35 and that it should be 10. If it hadn't been for "Anatomy of an Illness," I wouldn't have known what a sedimentation rate is. N.C.'s "sed rate" got up to 115. I figured that if laughter could help a 115 sed rate, lowering a mere 35 would be duck soup. "Duck soup" raised the hope that there would be a Marx Brothers film on television and that I'd get my laughter effortlessly, but there seemed to be nothing but reruns of *I Love Lucy*, *Gilligan's Island*, and *Hogan's Heroes*.

So I owe a great thanks to Helen Barrow for sending me *The Serial*. She didn't even know I was sick and needed some laughs. *The Serial* is subtitled *A Year in the Life of Marin County*. It was written by Cyra McFadden, who has captured the jargon of "awareness" in a marvelously satiric style. Her characters—middle class couples and swinging singles on the greener side of middle age—are adrift on the Sea of No Absolutes, grasping at pieces of flotsam from the good ship Self-Absorption: "Now Rita lived out in Woodacre with her old man, some other congenial freaks, and a kiln. Deeply involved in the human-potential movement, she had like *mutated* over the years through Gurdjieff, Silva Mind Control, actualism, analytical tracking, parapsychology, Human Life Styling, postural integration, the Fischer Hoffman Process, hatha and raja yoga, integral massage, orgonomy, palmistry, Neo-Reichian bodywork, and Feldenkreis functional integration. Currently she was commuting to Berkeley twice a week for 'polarity balancing manipulation,' which, she reported through her annual mimeographed Christmas letter, produces 'good thinking.' "

When you feel as though you're looking at the world through a small, muddy window, it's good to be able to laugh, especially at the little absurdities of the world you're seeing so murkily. So I enjoyed laughing at poor Harvey, who wonders "whatever happened to his wife, Kate, who had once spent happy afternoons starching the kitchen curtains and baking chocolate-chip cookies for the Edna Maguire PTA but was now obsessed with the real human being she might have been if he hadn't consigned her to a life of cleaning out toilet bowls with Jonny Mops? What the hell had happened to *women*?"

Kate's problem, of course, is Harvey, who "hadn't been home for a week before he asked her to take his tennis racket in to be restrung, reminded her that he didn't like Roquefort dressing, and pointed out to her that the Afghan was shedding all over his Faded Glory jacket and needed brushing.

"Kate told him firmly that she wasn't going to get into that whole 'traditional wife' bit again. Hadn't he heard that Lincoln freed the slaves?"

I loved it, so belated thanks to Helen Barrow and to Cyra McFadden for giving me some laughs when I thought I could only cough—and for inspiring me to join Thackeray, Lowell, and all those *New York Times* book reviewers in speaking of "a read."

A very pleasant read, indeed. ◉

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Travel *from page 47*

The grounds are so spacious that a fleet of buses, dressed up to resemble San Francisco cable cars, is in constant motion. The popular destination is Whaler's Cove, a stretch of pure sand beach protected by an outcropping of rock. A beach club and a restaurant and bar have been planted atop the rock. Dixieland with Sunday brunches. Salad and sandwiches at noon. Candlelit dinners by the sea at night.

Slipping through the rocks behind Whaler's Cove will lead the adventurous to miles of beach running all along the south shore, the rocks providing inlets and coves that can become, at least for an interlude, a private preserve with no one else in view.

For those of nautical tastes, the Newport Room, inside the main hotel cantonment, has been fashioned like some svelte salon of a yacht-that-never-was. The floors and paneling are solid teak, and blue water scenes appear in the mock portholes. Ninety-eight yachtspersons can gather there nightly to dine on Wedgwood bone china and sip nectar from Irish lead crystal stemware.

Old Bermuda hands, especially those who come by yacht, congregate by habit at Claudia Darrell's Waterlot, a teahouse restaurant that, as it happens, stands at the foot of the hotel on the inlet side. When Claudia retired, the hotel rebuilt Waterlot as a restaurant of international class. After a disastrous fire last year it has been rebuilt again, an elegant, comfortable version of Bermuda traditional decor at its expensive best. The memory of Claudia, that blithe spirit who drove her own carriage and four and knew her yachtsmen by name, survives; if anything, the elaborate cuisine would prove more than a blue water sailor could bear. Breast of chicken sautéed in butter, garnished with wild mushrooms and truffles, flamed with Scotch whiskey, and then coated with cream. Or filet mignon surrounded by highly herbed macerated veal and wrapped in bacon. Or croquettes filled with lobster, shrimp, rockfish, and crab meat, rolled and deep fried.

It may not be a cuisine to be eaten before sailing into the open sea but it does Claudia proud. ◉

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 45): tumbrels, stumbler, tumblers

Answer to *Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 90* (see page 48): The reason the way of the transgressor is so hard is because it's so crowded. —Hubbard

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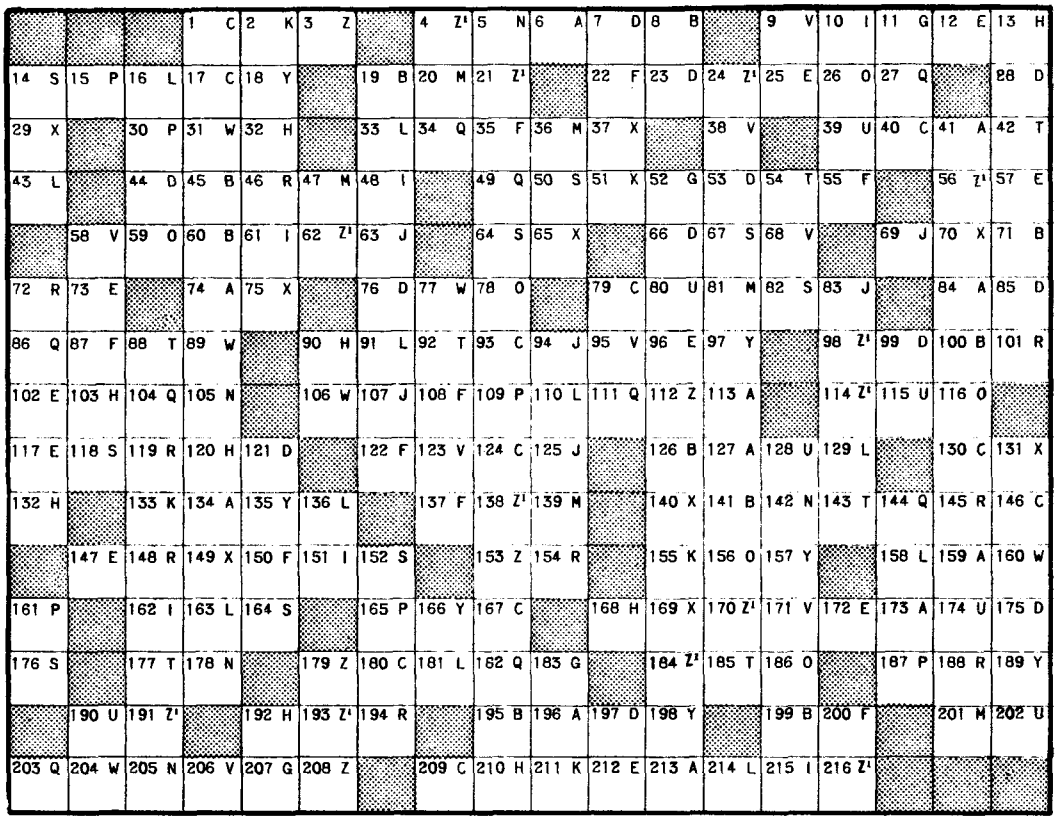
Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton



Number 129

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES

A. Englishman for whom a college was named in 1638 (full name)

B. Magnetism, allure; spectacle

C. Shakespeare play (2 wds. after *The*)

D. "_____ and hum of that low land" (4 wds.; Arnold, "Sohrab and Rustum")

E. Wharf laborer or deckhand, as on the Mississippi

F. Most evasive, trickiest

G. Japanese system of syllabic writing

H. Go from place to place, esp. in a regular circuit

I. Irritable, irascible; precarious

J. Nabbed, swiped; addicted

K. Outline clearly or sharply; delineate

L. Giddy, empty-headed, talkative person

M. Belong intrinsically

N. Viscid, sticky, gummy

WORDS

41 74 84 113 127 159 173 134 196 213 6

8 19 45 60 71 100 126 141 199 195

79 93 130 146 167 180 209 1 40 124 17

28 53 66 85 121 175 23 99 197 7 44 76

102 147 212 12 57 96 117 172 25 73

108 122 150 200 22 35 55 87 137

183 207 11 52

103 132 13 90 120 32 168 192 210

215 10 61 151 162 48

69 94 107 63 83 125

133 155 211 2

16 91 110 129 158 181 33 43 163 214 136

81 201 20 36 47 139

142 178 205 5 105

CLUES

O. First name, *Scarlet Letter* heroine

P. Strove

Q. Quality, character, property

R. Heinous, infamous, vile

S. Abstract moisture from

T. "_____ of accident nor dart of chance" (2 wds.; *Othello*, Act IV, Scene 1)

U. Island in the Baltic belonging to the Estonian Republic

V. Raises to a higher degree, intensifies

W. Correct, discipline

X. On the spur of the moment (3 wds.)

Y. Flatter, cajole, coax

Z. Town in Campania, Italy

Z¹. Bass, guitar, and drums in a jazz band (2 wds.)

WORDS

156 186 26 59 78 116

165 30 109 187 15 161

182 203 27 34 111 49 86 104 144

154 194 148 188 72 119 46 101 145

14 50 67 176 164 118 64 82 152

92 143 88 54 185 42 177

80 174 190 115 39 202 128

123 206 171 38 95 9 68 58

106 31 160 204 89 77

131 75 29 65 140 70 51 169 37 149

189 166 135 157 18 97 198

3 179 112 208 153

24 138 216 170 193 4 98 21 62 184 56

114 191

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 128: Peter De Vries: Afternoon of a Faun

My father was a man steeped in the heavyweight German philosophers; his small talk ran to the likes of "I believe it was Hegel who defined love as the ideality of the relativity of the reality of an infinitesimal portion of the absolute totality of the Infinite Being."

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Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 W	2 F	3 U			4 V	5 I	6 A	7 U	8 S	9 E	10 Y			11 P	12 F	13 Z¹	14 H														
15 E	16 Y	17 L	18 K	19 Q			20 U	21 B	22 K	23 C	24 A	25 F		26 S	27 M		28 N	29 T													
	30 K	31 Q	32 J	33 Z¹		34 Z²	35 V			36 Y	37 H			38 B	39 I	40 G	41 Z²	42 C													
43 T		44 T	45 M	46 I	47 L			48 V	49 R	50 G	51 Y			52 Z	53 L	54 R	55 N	56 O													
57 I	58 M		59 Z²	60 O			61 E	62 M	63 Z²			64 X	65 A			66 X	67 L	68 O	69 R												
70 J		71 C	72 Z	73 G	74 D	75 E	76 H	77 K	78 M	79 N				80 E	81 W	82 N			83 I												
84 T	85 O	86 R	87 C	88 L	89 M	90 Z		91 Z¹	92 D	93 G				94 Y	95 I	96 N	97 L	98 E													
99 M		100 Z¹	101 B		102 A	103 M	104 S	105 Z	106 L			107 J	108 Z²	109 I			110 D	111 Z¹													
112 G	113 P	114 Z	115 V		116 L	117 Z¹		118 Z	119 N	120 Q	121 L	122 R	123 V	124 T	125 W	126 J														
127 O	128 X		129 P	130 Z²	131 N		132 K	133 W	134 M	135 O	136 A	137 T	138 V	139 U	140 C	141 S														
142 Z		143 W	144 N	145 Z¹	146 G	147 P		148 Z	149 D	150 A		151 T	152 X	153 B	154 Y															
155 H	156 V	157 I	158 P		159 Z	160 M		161 O	162 D	163 H	164 C	165 F	166 Q	167 W		168 R														
169 Z²		170 J	171 Z	172 B	173 S	174 D		175 E	176 C	177 K	178 N	179 M	180 F	181 Z¹		182 B														
183 L	184 A	185 S	186 X	187 M	188 R		189 Y	190 Q	191 H	192 J	193 O	194 F	195 K	196 V	197 A															

Number 130

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Highly esteemed; beloved	102 136 150 184 197 6 24 65
B. Basslike fish also *called snook*	153 172 182 21 38 101
C. Yield to the wishes or whims of	140 176 71 87 164 23 42
D. Official seal, as on a letter or document; distinguishing sign; hallmark	74 92 110 149 162 174
E. Try to equal or excel	175 15 75 9 61 80 98
F. Italian island west of Naples	165 180 194 2 12 25
G. Former duchy, central West Germany; Bahamian resort	40 50 73 93 112 146
H. Quality, in an expressive form, of evoking a feeling of compassion	155 163 191 14 37 76
I. Unsteady; having no place or position in society	5 39 46 57 83 95 109 157
J. Struck with overwhelming shock or amazement	32 70 107 126 170 192
K. Perception, apprehension	195 22 77 132 177 18 30
L. Candied fruit, sugarplums, etc.	97 47 53 67 106 121 183 88 116 17
M. "Water once a day her chamber round/With _____ brine" (comp., *Twelfth Night*, I,1)	27 58 78 103 134 160 187 45 99 179 62 89
N. Criminal court of London (2 wds.)	119 178 79 144 96 28 55 82 131

CLUES	WORDS
O. Realization of good results	60 161 193 56 127 68 135 85
P. Long and relatively *narrow extent of* anything	113 11 129 147 158
Q. Garden herb having aromatic leaves used for seasoning	166 31 19 120 190
R. Torment	54 69 86 122 168 188 49
S. Ancient Roman goddess who protected grain from blight	173 185 8 104 26 141
T. State adjacent to India, Pakistan, Sinkiang, and Tibet; soft wool; it is said	44 84 29 151 137 124 43
U. Stringed musical instrument favored by Orpheus	20 7 139 3
V. Superfluous, unnecessary	156 196 48 138 123 4 35 115
W. "Blow the Man Down," for instance	125 81 143 133 1 167
X. Girl who amused Demeter with bawdy stories	64 152 186 66 128
Y. Dead; no longer in effect or use	154 10 189 16 36 94 51
Z. Disjointed, rambling	72 105 118 159 171 90 52 114 142 148
Z¹. "A forted residence 'gainst _____ of time" (2 wds.; *Measure for Measure*, V,1)	13 91 111 33 117 145 100 181
Z². Agape	63 108 34 169 59 130 41

The answer to Double-Crostic No. 129 is that there was no answer. We goofed. We inadvertently printed the diagram for Double-Crostic No. 128 with the clues for Double-Crostic No. 129. We apologize. Next issue we will print answers to both Double-Crostic No. 129 and No. 130. Stay tuned.

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Night of the Alienated

"The most frightening aspect of the blackout was the willingness of the looters to ravage the neighborhoods in which they live."

WHEN the New York blackout of 1977 was over, not only the hopes of thousands of looted merchants lay strewn on the streets but also the confidence of thousands of Americans in their own sociopolitical judgment.

One's first impulse was to believe that the looting was the natural result of deep-seated anger or economic deprivation. Robbing a food store because one is starving seems emotionally, if not legally, justifiable.

But the news reports agree that the atmosphere that night and the next day was more festive than desperate and that greed and a carnival spirit were stronger motives for the pillage and arson than need or rage.

Consider: at a discount furniture store a woman looter was disgusted when she couldn't find any end tables. A boy looter said, "We're just out shopping with our parents. This is better than going to Macy's." A young woman said: "It's really sort of beautiful. Everybody is out on the streets together. There's sort of a party atmosphere." A black police sergeant said to a *Washington Post* reporter: "I hope you out-of-town people tell it like it is. The lights went out. A bunch of greedy people took advantage, plain and simple. Don't go with all that sociological bull."

In the face of these reports, the conventional liberal assessment—that since crime is generally a result of poverty, the blame lies with the job market and the welfare system—seemed woefully incomplete. True, the disgraceful 40 percent unemployment in the ghettos was a contributory cause. But many of the looters were employed; others, not eager for employment.

It is also true historically that some of these looters have not been given a fair shake by life. But no matter how crippling their educations or their lack of opportunities, the past cannot excuse the present. If it did, then every aggrieved citizen would be a law unto himself, and the laws would have no force.

The most frightening aspect of the blackout was the willingness of the looters to ravage the neighborhoods in which they live. If they'd marched down Fifth Avenue and stormed Tiffany, their violence might have carried some symbolic message. But these looters preyed on themselves and their neighbors. Masochistically, they destroyed the shops that serve them every day. They made it difficult for themselves to purchase a loaf of bread.

For those of us who have some stake in and affection for our neighborhoods, it is difficult to comprehend the totality of such alienation and the impotence of the law in dealing with the problem. If a man wants to destroy his own house, it is difficult to stop him. If a town wants to burn itself to the ground, there will never be enough firemen to douse the flames.

Until the attitudes of the looters and arsonists toward their neighborhoods change, the situation is not likely to improve. And attitudes will not change until the looters feel more involved in the political and economic life of their streets.

One positive program, which *Saturday Review* examined in its July 23 issue, is "sweat equity" homesteading. Under this scheme, a person who helps to renovate an abandoned building buys his equity—his apartment—with his labor. Instead of investing money in an absentee landlord, the resident of a sweat equity building is investing his money and effort in a place that belongs to him, that he would fight to protect.

Another positive step would be to require as many people as are able to work for a living and to find or create jobs for them. Money that one receives gratis does not feel the same as money earned. A wage earner is apt to feel more sympathy for a small shopkeeper than does someone whose work life consists of picking up a weekly welfare check.

Another step would be to make justice strict, swift, and true to its promises. A legal system that lets cooperative offenders off lightly because it cannot cope with its workload will never be respected.

Other steps—such as improving the services in low income communities or giving equal press coverage to the problems of the poor—are easy enough to mention. But what is needed is not comment but commitment—of dollars, energy, and attention—to making the "mean streets" of New York, Detroit, Los Angeles, and all our cities respectable to their own residents. Our richest natural resource is not government, not soil: it is people. The fact that a sizable minority in this country care so little about where they live that they will loot the moment the lights go out makes us all that much poorer and more vulnerable. —Carll Tucker

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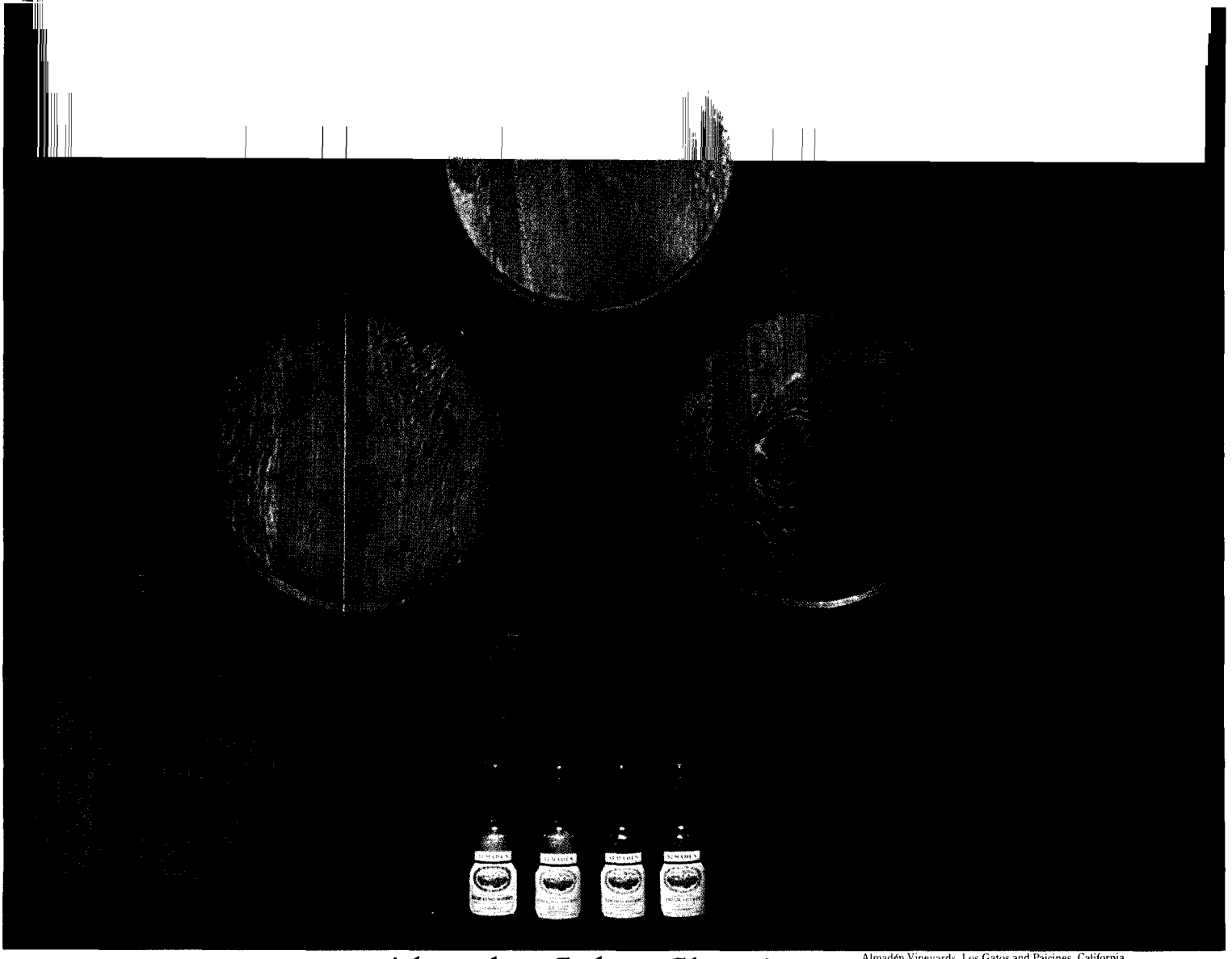

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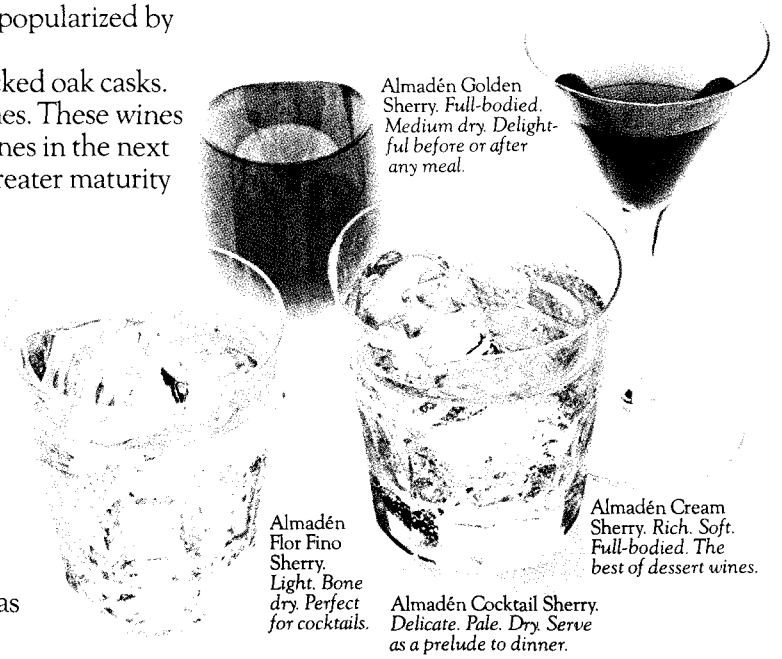

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